

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1991

BLACK LABEL

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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 10/October 1991 Black Label Edition



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Suicide City



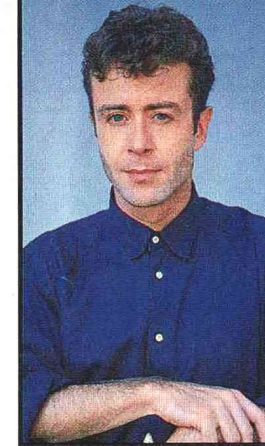
Who Dares?



10 Unbreakable Records



Grey Power



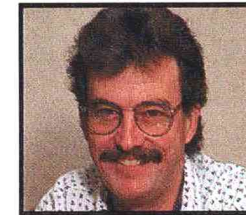
NIGEL BUCHANAN



TODD COLE



PETER MCKAY



MALCOLM ANDREWS



MARK ABERNETHY

HOUSECALL

SUICIDE CITY

A Sydney executive, married with a child and, ironically, employed in the life insurance business, has just become the first Australian to be infected with AIDS after a business trip to Bangkok. He won't be the last, because with 40 percent of Sin City's prostitutes now testing positive, and with hundreds of thousands of Aussies sampling their wares every year, the AIDS bomb has already been detonated. Veteran Asia correspondent **Nick Evans** tells how what was once the world's most delightful and amusing red light district has become a scene of fear and desperation. Turn to page 26.

WHO DARES?

The two-week selection course for Australia's elite Special Air Service (SAS) has always been shrouded in secrecy. Rumors about its toughness abound throughout the army rank and file, but every year a few hundred soldiers decide to find out for themselves whether they've got what it takes. The SAS, according to a senior officer, looks for "physically and mentally tough men who possess a certain level of maturity." So how do they sort the men from the boys? **Todd Cole** tells the inside story of his own quest to be counted among the men. It's a riveting yarn that begins on page 34.

10 UNBREAKABLE RECORDS

Remember when they said no athlete would ever break the four-minute mile? What about the theory that no-one could swim 1500 metres in less than 15 minutes? As the truism says, sport records are made to be broken. But there are certain sporting achievements — like Dawn Fraser's three consecutive Olympic gold medals for the 100 metres freestyle — that look certain to stand the test of all time. Or will they? On page 50 **Malcolm Andrews** chances his arm with a list of ten outstanding Australian sporting records that will (almost) certainly never be broken.

GREY POWER

All the biggest names in Australian motor sport are on the wrong side of 40. Audiences are ageing along with the drivers, because kids find it hard to relate to racing heroes who could be their grandfathers. Another decade of the same and motor sport could consist of a small bunch of pensioners watching an even smaller bunch of other pensioners tootling around the race tracks of the nation. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** explains how Grey Power and the incumbents who wield it are choking the life out of motor racing. **Nigel Buchanan's** illustration is on page 66.

SMART DRUGS

"Smart Drugs" like Piracetam haven't hit Australasia yet, but they're doing big business in the US right now, and we all know what that means. Originally developed 20 years ago to treat diseases like Alzheimer's and alcoholism, Piracetam increases the flow of information in your brain, so it blows your mind while making it cleverer. Naturally, local authorities are rushing to ban it right now. Could be dangerous, right? **Mark Abernethy** agrees, but he obtained a legal supply and decided to test it on himself in the interests of science. Abernethy's results are presented on page 11.

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feedback

Kingswood country

Out here in the real world of motoring, where people have families, three or more kids and mortgages, the cars we drive and drive because we choose to do so are used Fords and Holdens. Never mind the rubbish written about them in "The Fault Line" (June *Penthouse*): they are well built, reliable, cheap to buy, cheap and easy to fix, spare parts are everywhere, they are easy to modify, are roomy, strong, comfortable and long lived.

Speak to anyone with a Japanese four-cylinder car (or van) more than two years old. Listen as they relate the wonder of the 100,000 km self-destructing engine and the saga of the price and availability of spare parts. Likewise, give the European car owners a guernsey if their cars survive more than two years out here.

Unless you can afford to turn over a new car every two or three years and also assuming you have a small — or no — family, Japanese and European cars just don't work out. Engine replacement, ongoing component replacement, expensive servicing costs due to hi-tech engine control systems, front wheel drives, transverse engines, double banked cams, multi-valve heads, fuel injection, cramped engine bays and, God knows what else, all combine to uneconomise "economical" cars.

Peter McKay spouts the same old cultural cringe, trying to convince us that locally produced vehicles just don't cut the mustard. Who gives a shit if the glovebox lid doesn't quite fit and the paint job isn't flawless?

Motoring is about reliability, good performance, ease of maintenance, reasonable costs and safely moving you and your family around our nation's roads. In three words: Ford or Holden. — *R. Brown, Chuwar, Qld*

Piercing insight

I have just been perusing some of my collection of *Penthouse* Black Label, and must admit to still being drawn to the pictorial "Desiree" in the September 1990 edition. Unless I am mistaken, this is the first time I have seen a model in your magazine (since I became a subscriber some years ago) with body piercing.

I would appreciate more pictorials depicting pierced models, and think that



Danielle Schneider... dream woman

many others would feel the same. I also think that an article about body/genital piercing would be good, with a full explanation of the various problems, risks and benefits that may occur as well as the various types/locations of the piercings. A guide to reputable establishments in the various states performing this art would be appreciated.

In the meantime, congratulations on the increase in quantity and quality of the pictorials, which continue from month to month. I look forward to my copy each month, as does my girlfriend. — *Name and address withheld*

More body contact, please

I am writing to you about your pictorials as I and several other subscribers would like to see more body contact along the lines of your June *Penthouse* edition featuring Oscar and Julie. We feel it gives your magazine more variety in pictorials,

and is more pleasing for we subscribers than the July edition with Jacques and Annabel.

Applause for your June Pet Of The Month Marianne Cooper — we would like to see more of her — and more applause for your non-racist stance in publishing the pictorial of the beautiful Candice Jamieson in the July issue. — *Name and address withheld*

A fishy story

I am writing to correct part of an article in the otherwise excellent July *Penthouse*. The errors occurred in the story about Vic Hislop, "The Great White Hunter."

In this interesting article was a paragraph that read as follows: "The South Australian horror continued in 1988. Surfboard rider Matthew Foale was savagely attacked and killed 400 metres from the spot where Terry Gibson disappeared."

This paragraph is complete bullshit. Terry Gibson went missing while scallop diving off the Adelaide suburban coast, while Matthew Foale (a body-boarder, not a surfboard rider) was attacked at Waitpinga Beach. Waitpinga is a popular salmon fishing and surfing beach near Victor Harbour — about 100 km by sea from the spot where Terry Gibson disappeared.

I hope this letter helps inform your readers of the real facts. — *G. Atkins, Forestville, SA*

Dribbling over Danielle

I've been a subscriber to *Penthouse* Black Label for several years now and I have always wondered — but never asked — if any of your gorgeous Pets are married. Well, the July issue featuring the superb Danielle Schneider pushed me right over the edge. I have to know — is she, or isn't she?

Whatever the answer is, I won't quibble — more like dribble — but to be honest Danielle is the closest I've seen to my dream woman. She could be married; she could be mega-rich; she could even be a lesbian. I won't argue. If she's married, I'll make do with the occasional fling; if she's rich, I'll be her butler; and if she's a lesbian, I'll happily pop off to the hospital for a sex change operation. Now, you can't say fairer than that! — *V. Muller, Alice Springs, NT*

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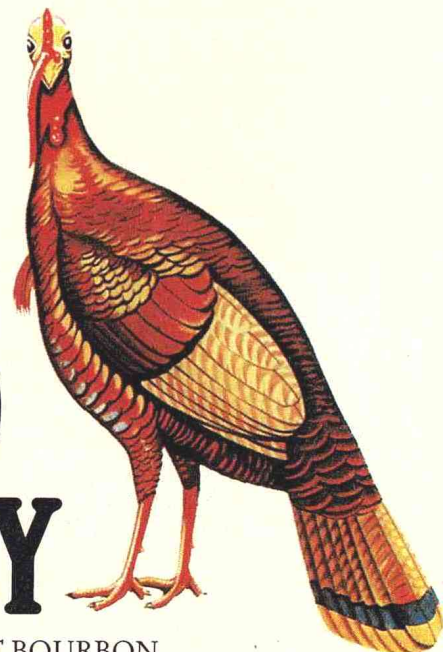




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The Wild West

Several months ago while I was on a working holiday in the magnificent north-west of Australia, I was engaged in idle conversation with a Telecom employee in a pub at Derby.

Now Derby is a pleasant little oasis, but I felt as though I was in a scene from the movie *Deliverance*. My mate, who saw that parched look in my eyes, told me to travel south to Cable Beach in Broome. Twenty-two kilometres of white sand, gin-clear water and pussy plastered from wall to wall.

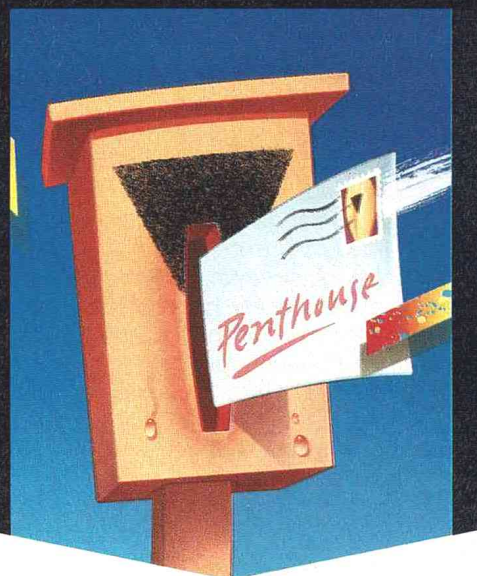
With similar speed and bravado to that of the Iraqi Army en route to Kuwait, I terminated my sojourn in Derby and headed south to hitch to Broome. After beating the lava-like bitumen for an hour or so, and with the immortal words of my now-distant friend orbiting through my mind, my persistent beckoning to south-bound traffic finally paid off.

I approached the Holden panel-van (which was a vintage model) to find, to my delight, that the occupants did not share that same characteristic. I was greeted with a warm smile by a red headed beauty of Irish accent, who introduced herself as Katherine. She then introduced me to her travelling companion, Sarah. If not for Sarah's English accent I would have assumed them to be sisters, due solely to the fact that they were both utterly gorgeous.

Hastily I threw my much travelled and dusty old canvas bag into the rear of the van and clambered inside. Our immediate talk was light-hearted, with the conversation typical of persons newly introduced. Katherine and Sarah were long-time friends who one day suddenly decided that they had had enough of the claustrophobic environment of the UK and headed off errantly to this great southern continent.

I told them a few yarns of my travelling exploits from as far as Tassie, to wild, unpredictable, sultry Darwin. We three had a similar sense of humor so there was much mirth.

After an hour or so on the road Sarah, who had been driving, asked me if I would mind taking over the wheel while she crashed out in the back. Enthusiastically I



forum

accepted the offer, as my blood was already roaring at the thought of sitting so close to the voluptuous Katherine.

It wasn't far down the road when Katherine, who by this stage had a very cheeky and mischievous look on her pretty face, said how much she enjoyed sucking on icy-poles when driving long distances to pass the time. Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, I reached into the back and grabbed a handful of ice out of their Esky and thrust the lot down the front of my shorts. Well, Kathy was down on my flesh-flavored gob stopper faster than a bat out of hell. This woman had the most amazing mouth. Never before had I been sucked so intensely, or with such adoration. I thought that I was going to blow her head off.

I told her to sit up, so I could reach over and play with her peachy arse. Manoeuvring my hungry hand inside her shorts, I encountered the hottest and most saturated erogenous zone on Earth. Her clit was standing on end, the size of a jelly bean. Sliding two fingers into her begging twat and a thumb into her pleading arse, she rode my hand as if to try and sever it from my arm.

By this stage my balls were strangling the base of my engorged dick, as Katherine was sucking my cock so hard I thought I could feel the seat covers being sucked up my arse.

To my delight I caught a wonderful sight of Sarah indulging herself in the back seat, legs flung wide, mouth open in ecstasy. I had to pull over before I lost control of this missile of lust. As the van came to a halt, I came to a gut-tightening, head-straining, sweat-spurting orgasm.

We all jumped out of the van, eager to indulge ourselves. One of the best things about this part of the country is the absence of people and traffic. So in this road-side rest area, Sarah was leaning over the front of the bonnet with her heart-shaped arse swaying impudently in front of my face. I lashed my tongue around inside her shaved, sweet pussy while Katherine settled down on the bonnet of the fuck truck with her cunt in just the right

place for Sarah's tongue.

I stood up behind Sarah and guided my aching cock into her welcoming snatch and with my hands firmly on her hips I pushed her back and forth, up and down and round and round. We moved as one, together in perfect unison. As I bit into the nape of Sarah's neck, she was busily running her tongue over her friend's clit. By this stage of the game we were all thrashing and sweating like maniacs from an asylum.

While ramming Sarah's cunt with my cock, I slid a finger into her arse. She screamed a cry of pleasure and let loose an incredible amount of love juices over my hand. It was all too much for me now and I unleashed an almighty wad of come. Katherine, who was being brought to the brink by Sarah's tongue and her own hands, finished the event with a passionate moan.

The girls dropped me off in Broome a few days later. I was sad to say goodbye to them but they had kept me so busy that I was pretty burned out. I headed for the beach. — Name and address withheld

Mother and daughter

I would like to relate an episode with my first girlfriend and her mother. I was 18 at the time and Angela was 17. She was a very hot looking young lady who was not a virgin when I met her. She enjoyed all

forum

types of fucking and gave great head. Her mother, who was 37, was stacked in all the right places. I had seen her sunning around their pool on numerous occasions in her one-piece bathing suit, and knew she would know how to fuck a man to eternity.

Angie's mother was a widow and for about eight years had had her fair share of men visiting her. I often thought how nice it would be to lie between her beautiful thighs. It was only a dream. What made things worse was that after about a year of going out with Angie, I moved in with her. They had a spare room so I took it.

About a month after I moved in Angie and I were enjoying one of our memorable love-making sessions in her bed when we heard her mother arrive home. I suggested we stop but she continued, saying: "Don't worry, mum knows I like to fuck, and if I enjoy it she wants me to have a good time. She won't bother us." Angie was on top of me, riding my cock, sliding up and down my length slowly, giving out small groans every time she took my full length into her cunt.

I noticed her door was ajar and her mother would have to go past to get to her own room. Angie had her back to the door so she didn't know this. I saw the reflection of the kitchen light go on and a few seconds later Angie's mother was peering

into our bedroom. I guess she got a good view of my cock sliding in and out of her daughter's cunt. She just stood there staring at us. What happened next really surprised me. Angie's mother started rubbing her cunt and bending her legs at the knees. She did this for a couple of minutes, then disappeared. A couple of minutes later she returned dressed in a short see-through nightie. She squatted just outside Angie's door and gave herself a damn good fingering.

Watching her gave me the biggest orgasm I had ever experienced. Angie followed very quickly. When we recovered I looked at the door and her mum had gone. I then went to my own room and had a pull, thinking of the older woman.

The next day I left for uni before I saw Angie's mum — I was a bit shy after the night before. But I was going to have to face up to it sooner or later.

It was Wednesday and I had the last two hours off because I had no lectures. I arrived home around 1.30pm and Angie's mum's car was in the drive, so I knew I had to front her. I went into the house and Angie's mum was sitting on the couch. She was dressed in a knee-length dress and a shirt. When I entered the room I said, "Hello" and she answered with a very sexy "Hi." I looked straight into her eyes and she smiled, licked her lips and started hitching her skirt up, so I could see the big white V between her legs. She called me

over and took hold of my hand and asked me to sit beside her. She placed my hand on her leg and asked me to stroke it — a dream come true.

"I enjoyed you and Angie fucking last night," she said. "I got so wet watching you two and when I went back to bed I came twice with my vibrator. But you know a vibrator is not as good as a cock. So I'd like the real thing. I've fucked one of Angie's boyfriends before and it was great. If you don't tell her, neither will I." She was rubbing my cock through my pants and I had become rock hard. My hand had wandered up to the crotch of her panties, and I rubbed her cunt. She had my cock out of my pants and decided it was time to suck it.

She knelt beside me on the couch and gave me a cock sucking I still can't forget. While she was doing this I slipped my left hand around to her arse. I slipped two fingers into her cunt from behind — it just seemed to open up so much. I couldn't control myself and blew a load of come into her mouth. After she had finished sucking me she moved up and tongue-kissed me nothing else.

"Was that good?" she asked. I nodded. She went on: "Now I'd like you to fuck me, and if you're as good as I think you could be, we might do this regularly. Just think — you can fuck mother and daughter on the same day, maybe even at the same time. Now come here."

She pulled her panties down to her ankles and removed her shirt and bra. I stood in front of her, my cock still poking out of my trousers. I undid my trousers and let them fall to the floor. She opened her legs and pulled her cunt lips apart and stuck three fingers up her cunt while I was taking my jocks off. I held my cock in my hand and knelt between her thighs.

The smell of cunt came to my nostrils and I held my breath while I slid the entire length of my cock into her. It was so easy — nowhere near as tight as Angie's cunt, but she was good. I didn't last long, even the second time, because she knew how to make her cunt muscles contract and retract like no other cunt I have ever felt.

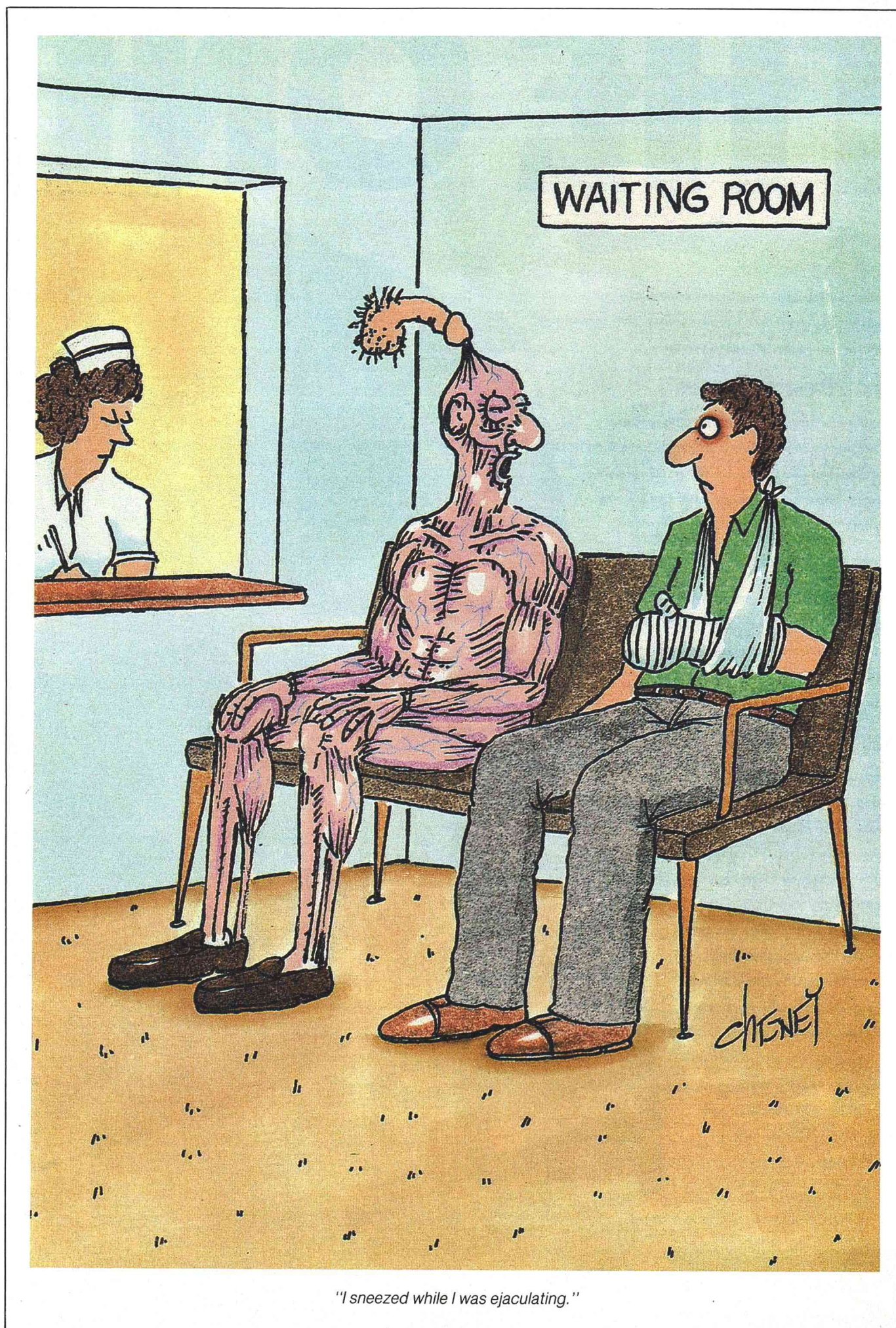
We fucked many times after this day — on her bed, Angie's bed, on my bed, next to the pool, in the pool and once in her bedroom when Angie was in her room next door.

I was able to talk Angie into a threesome with her mother later on and it was obvious they both had lesbian tendencies. I can still picture them in a 69 position lapping up each other. Anyway, Angie's mum taught me heaps, which I passed on to Angie. I may even write and tell you about the threesome some day. — Name and address withheld

Coming of age

At the company where I work is a very

Continued on page 104



THE ONE

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L I F E S T Y L E

F R O N T

SMART DRUGS

A bitter little human being once warned that if something sounded too good to be true, then it probably was. Whatever the origins or relative truth of this chestnut, it was certainly a popular idea that caught on in the clean-living, hard-working family set across the English-speaking world.

But this is the Nineties, and the Old Ways may have to give way to a society that wants to have its cake and eat it too: lesbians can be artificially inseminated; gay men can

that blow your mind at the same time as repairing it. And as usual with mind-altering substances, the medicinal is swiftly becoming the recreational.

This new wave of drugs wasn't spawned in the highlands of Colombia or the hinterland of Asia. And they are becoming big business in the US.

The daddy of them all, Piracetam, was developed almost 20 years ago by a Belgian pharmaceuticals company, UCB. It was designed to

been developed, it's the original, Piracetam, that is replacing the use of conventional recreational drugs in the US. Piracetam derivatives — Oxiracetam, Aniracetam and

Pills that make you clever are the next to be banned.

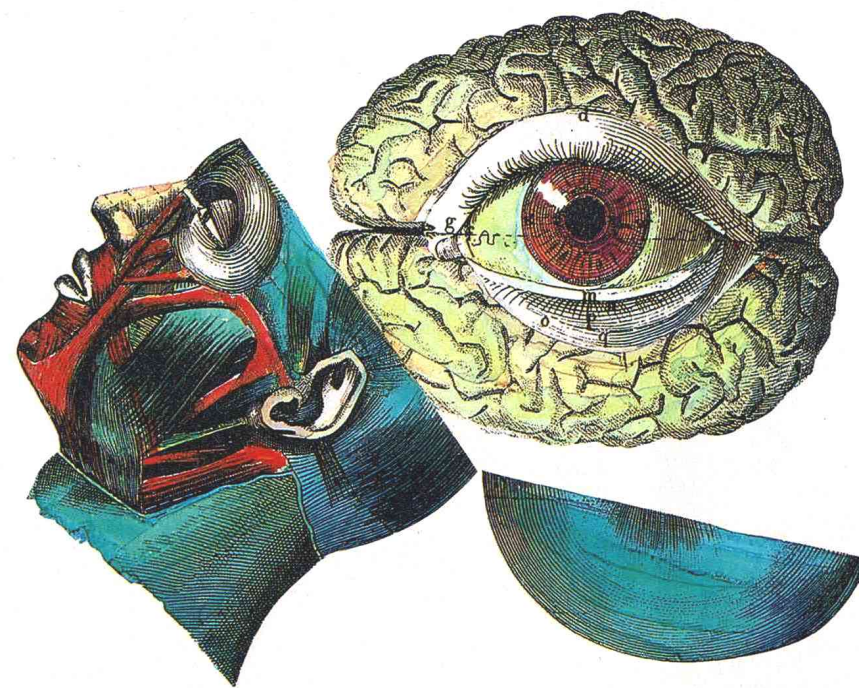
Pramiracetam — are stronger, but difficult to get hold of. Piracetam, on the other hand, is readily available in countries such as Switzerland, Canada and Mexico.

The Smart Drug phenomenon seems not to have hit Australasia yet. But if the fashion flow-on from the US to this part of the world holds true, Piracetam could be a part of the local drug arsenal within a couple of years.

The Commonwealth Health Authority does not share the mind expansionists' enthusiasm for Piracetam. Piracetam is well known to Those Who Know Best, but not well enough known to allow us to eat the stuff.

As the law stands at the time of writing (June), Australians can import up to three months' supply of Piracetam on a doctor's prescription, although the drug is not available here on the open market. But things are about to change. "Legitimate" use of the drug is on the rise as Australia's elderly population swells and recreational use, or "abuse," of Piracetam is increasing in what the Health Department admits are numbers unknown. The Department is worried about extensive use of a pharmaceutical that has not yet been accepted by American or European health mandarins — a drug that has been subject to as many positive trials as it has negative. The Health Department's solution? Ban the stuff.

Spokesman for Junior Health Minister Peter Staples is Howard Conkey. Conkey says the word from



Collages by Tim Donnellan

adopt children; kidneys are chopped out of live donors in Sri Lanka and stitched into the middle class in Munich; whole human faces and forms are transformed by millionaire doctors with magic scalpels. The list will get longer and more ugly as money encourages science to triumph over inconvenience.

But medical technology has produced more than sleek bottoms and all-night geriatric erections, and the conservatives aren't going to like it one bit. The boys in the lab have invented something new, clean and clever — Smart Drugs. Chemicals

treat many illnesses, from Alzheimer's disease, senile dementia and alcoholism to dyslexia, vertigo and the after-effects of stroke. It works by stimulating chemicals in the brain that lead, in healthy people, to heightened awareness, joy and a feeling of being more intelligent. Studies over the past 20 years have found that Piracetam increases the flow of information from the right to the left hemisphere of the brain. A 1985 study claimed that the number of receptors in the brain actually increased with its use.

While stronger Smart Drugs have

the Minister is that Piracetam and its derivatives will become contraband in Australia before the end of the year. More specifically, the Health Department is in the process of drafting a recommendation to the Customs Department. The recommendation will be to the effect

"The novelty of feeling like a happy genius can wear thin for some folks."

that Piracetam and its derivatives be listed under Schedule Four of the Customs Regulations — a classification that will put the Smart Drug in the same illegal import basket as LSD, heroin and cocaine.

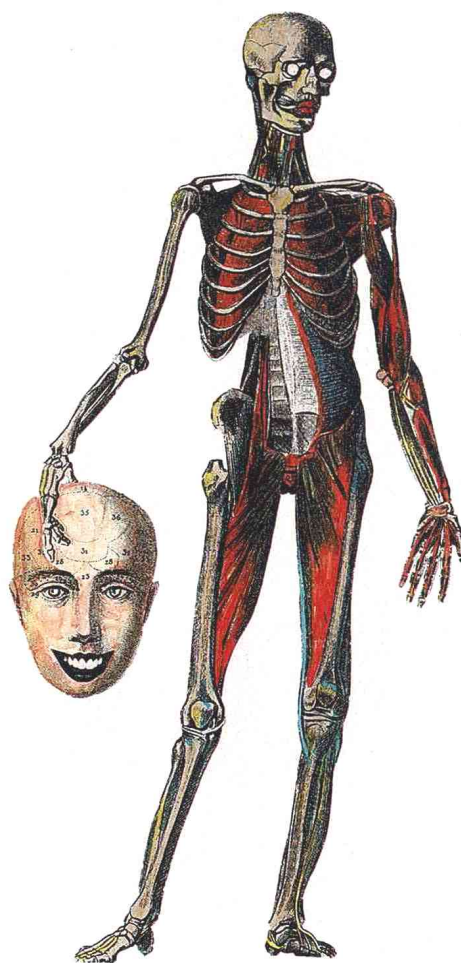
Alarming stuff for the modern man who thought a safe brain-power enhancer was at hand... for the bloke who thought a drug that makes him feel happier and smarter was a pretty neat idea. But Conkey says there are good reasons for banning the drug until more is known about it. And the fact that Piracetam is available in Mexico holds no weight at the Department.

"Let me tell you about Mexico," he says. "Cancer patients flock there in their thousands for the wonder-cure called Laetrile because you can't buy it anywhere else in the world. Laetrile is a known killer. It's already in the Schedule Four list here, and its use has been linked directly to seven deaths in the United States. It's made of crushed apricot kernels and has a high arsenic content, yet you can buy it over the counter in Tijuana. That's Mexico for you."

While the Health Department is careful not to label Piracetam a "killer", Conkey says the Smart Drug raises issues that have to be addressed. "Australia's population is ageing, and the elderly will increasingly be looking for these drugs to combat senility, the effects of stroke, etc. The Department has to be satisfied that it's not harmful — literature from overseas is not conclusive. We also have to look at

the drug's abuse, that is, what happens when you take too much of the drug without medical supervision."

Having tried the drug, legally and with no perceptible ill effects so far, I can attest that it is almost too easy to take — another factor that is no doubt of concern to the Powers That Be. There was no need to lock myself in the bedroom after hiding all the sharp and fragile objects. There were no embarrassing nosebleeds or mucous waterfalls. No fear of homicidal farmers peppering my arse with buckshot as I bent to pick mushrooms. I just threw a handful of



capsules down my throat and washed them down with a cup of warm milk. I had been informed that 8000 mg was needed on my first hit to shake me out of the halfwit stage. For subsequent doses, I'm told that about a quarter of the original is taken to achieve the same effect.

With this drug, amphetamine psychosis was a thing of the past

and marijuana-induced senseless babble was replaced by articulate speech that actually meant something. The "high" itself was a clean, focused feeling that came on in roughly 20 minutes. There was a distinct joy about things, as if my real mental abilities had been waiting for years to be released. The dose of 8000 mg kept me up there for about three hours and the euphoric feeling wasn't affected by drinking booze.

Word from the US has it that one of the setbacks of prolonged Piracetam use is a depression that can hit you after a solid week on the stuff. Drug gurus there advise a 100 mg capsule of Choline with every Piracetam to counteract the depression.

And the pharmaceutical parade marches on. As these things go, the novelty of walking around feeling like a happy genius can wear thin for some folks. When that has happened in the States, Piracetam users have moved on to Centrophenoxine, a drug designed to treat Alzheimer's disease. This one, also available in Mexico, but at a steep price, apparently gives the same euphoric feelings as Piracetam, while also repairing synapses in the brain.

What does it all mean, and, having tried Smart Drugs, am I looking at the possibility of a wise old age or a skull cave-in and massive cerebral fluid leakage at any minute? A conclusive answer as to the safety of Piracetam could be many years away. For full clinical trials and studies to be made into Smart Drugs, the makers of the drugs would have to apply for approval to market them in Australia. Only then do the pharmaceuticals, with accompanying test results, go before the Australian Drug Evaluation Committee — an independent body of medico/scientific folk which can take up to 18 months to say yes or no to a drug.

Since none of these drugs has been placed before the committee for approval, many years could pass before they are lifted from the proposed Schedule Four listing and made available. By that time I will have either developed a better mousetrap that cures cancer, or I'll be dribbling curdled grey matter from my madman's nostrils, my cerebral cortex the consistency of vanilla junket. I'll keep you posted. — Mark Abernethy



HOW DO YOU FEEL?

SNOWY MOUNTAIN HIGH



You can see Mount Pilot from the top of Thredbo. It rises above forests of mountain ash in the remote south-east of Kosciusko National Park. On a map of Australia it's where the Victorian border becomes a river in the high country that spawned our mountain horsemen.

Six of us will spend the weekend cycling through the Pilot wilderness. Tonight we'll stay at Charlie Carter's Hut below the mountain. Tomorrow we'll climb to the summit then drop out of the high country via the Pinch Pass — six kilometres of red-dirt ribbon falling 900 metres to the ute parked on the Snowy River 60kms south-east of Jindabyne.

The midday sun is warm on my back as we climb through scattered snowgums out of Dead Horse Gap. Our panniers are heavy with extra clothing for warmth and waterproofing in case the weather changes. Between us we have a tool kit capable of dismantling any of the bikes, maps, spare cables, tubes, a tyre and a roll of wire that is always used for something.

A ghostly silver brumby crashes through the undergrowth as we approach Bob's Ridge, 1800 metres above sea level. Wild horses seem foreign to the Australian Alps, but this is *Man From Snowy River* country and there'd be no legend without them.

Knobby tyres slip and spin on the snow-covered surface as we cross Bob's Ridge and begin the roller-coaster ride down the other side. The forest blurs by, rocks fly and hands

cramp as we race down the winding path to the valley floor.

Mountain bikes evolved from balloon-tyred American "postboy" bikes of the *My Three Sons* era. In 1976 a group of thrill-seeking hippies from Marin County in Northern California added knobby tyres, motorcycle handlebars and hub brakes to cantilever-framed cruisers. Their bikes looked more like motorcycles than bicycles but they started the craze that revolutionised recreational cycling in the Eighties.

The Marin County riders raced on a hill they named "Repack" because one descent would burn the grease out of their coaster brakes. They went downhill fast, but heavy steel wheels and frames made their bikes easier to push than ride uphill.

Lightweight alloy parts weren't available until cross-country racing became popular in the early Eighties. The market grew with the sport. Component manufacturers like Suntour and Shimano began producing alloy parts for custom frame builders like Tom Ritchey. In 1980 Ritchey sold four of his "Californian-style" frames to the Specialised Bicycle Company. A year later, Specialised began selling the "Stumpjumper" bicycle, which was based on the Ritchey frame still used on most mountain bikes.

Insurance difficulties stopped the "Repack" races eight years ago, but the versatility and comfort of the mountain bike ensured its success. The 1989 Australian Mountain Bike Champion, Graeme Allbon, describes mountain bike racing as



one of the toughest forms of competition cycling. The former road racer says mountain riders need a large power-to-weight ratio and high aerobic fitness to succeed in the enduros, downhills, climbs and dual slalom races organised by the 20 or so clubs scattered throughout Australia.



Like many competitive Australian cyclists, Allbon spends our winter competing in the northern hemisphere. He rides professionally on the North American circuit where the top riders have managers and races attract 1000 riders and 10,000 spectators.

With six valleys and five hours behind us, the Pilot appears through a break in the canopy. It's an important landmark. Cattlemen used it to guide their animals from Victoria to NSW, and the wreckage of the Southern Cloud is strewn within sight of the balding summit.

Charlie Carter's is about 25kms

from Dead Horse Gap. Two small huts, the remains of a shearing shed and a stockyard stand on the edge of a frost hollow below Mount Pilot. Carter's sleeps four but fits six. We hang our food from the ceiling and lay our sleeping bags on the chain wire shearer's beds. It's a cold night but my only concern is the rat darting in the hessian-covered wall beside my head.

Mountain bikes range in price from \$400 to \$4000, but differences can be difficult to detect. Graeme Allbon advises first-time buyers to be aware of the cheap and nasty. He says you should push your budget when

buying a new bike: "The minimum price for a reliable bike you can ride off-road is about \$700, but serious off-road riders should look at bikes that cost between \$1000 and \$2000, with as many Japanese components as possible," he says.

Graeme is sponsored by the GT Company in Australia, which provides him with a titanium-framed "Xizang" that weighs 9.2kgs and costs more than \$4000.

In summer, mountain biking is the peak experience sport

Icicles sparkle like diamonds as we race from Carter's to the base of the mountain. We leave the bikes by the fire trail and start walking uphill. The summit is obscured by forest but we keep climbing because the map says it's there. Twenty minutes later, the summit is something else. The earth curves through cool, clear air. The Bogong High Plains are just visible on the southern horizon, Kosciusko looms large to the west, and the Pinch Pass falls to the Snowy River in the east.

Small hills become large hills as we push towards the top of the Pinch Pass in the late afternoon. Mountain cycling can be incredibly hard work, especially when you're carrying extra kilograms on an overnight trip. There is no throttle to twist, and even with wall-climbing gears you just keep pushing and pushing and pushing until you're out of the wilderness.

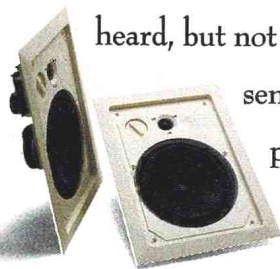
Clouds appear through the trees. We've reached the top of the Pinch Pass and it looks like the earth has fallen into a hole that goes all the way to Victoria. We drop our seats, tighten panniers and check the brakes before plunging down the first section. Wheels lock and skid down the loose surface. We swoop down the pass as the sun sets on the eucalypt-papered walls around us.

An hour later we reach the Snowy River. Rims are hot and mouths dry as we pedal past picnic tables and toilet blocks. As we load the bikes on to the ute, I can just see the Pinch Pass climbing through the dusk to another world. — *Stephen Fynmore*

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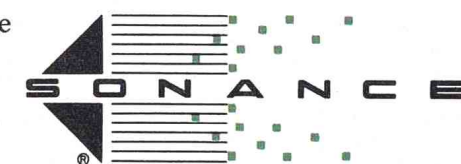


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ORIENTAL FLAVOR

The Chinese are supremely practical people. Witness the fabulous exchange in Paul Theroux's book *Riding The Red Rooster*, his 18,000-kilometre memoir of a train journey through China, when he asks his guide in Shanghai about the local public baths. "Oh, people go there to bathe and do other things," said the inscrutable

Even the locals admit that some of their best chefs now work in Australia. To ensure that you don't go in blind, the Hong Kong Tourist Association has come up with the "Gourmet Dining In Hong Kong Program." Each of the 30 recommended restaurants features a special set menu that includes award-winning dishes in the annual



cadre. "What other things?" "Men putting their cocks into other men's mouths, that sort of thing." Hong Kong Chinese are equally unflinching about putting food into their mouths. There is never one minute of the day or night when someone, somewhere, isn't eating Hunan, Sichuan, Cantonese, Peking cuisine and that sort of thing.

Let's start with the basics. Down near the Bird Market in Hong Lok Street on Kowloon is the Bird Restaurant, one of the last of that endangered species, the old time Chinese restaurant. Old, young and middle-aged men come here to discuss the talents and the beauty of their birds (the feathered variety) which come along for the ride in tiny wooden cages. The singing of the birds is deafening but the waiters in white singlets seem to have your meal on the table before the decibel level causes irreparable damage. The noodle dishes are the most popular, allowing for the brain-curdling slurps of enjoyment so beloved of old Chinese men.

A bad Chinese meal is almost as unbearable as its musical counterpart, French rock-and-roll.

Hong Kong Food Festival.

I tried the Peking Garden Restaurant situated in the Empire Centre on Mody Road, Tsim Sha Tsui. The drawcards are the Peking Duck, the Beggar's Chicken (involving the theatrical smashing of the clay pot) and the noodle-making show. The four-course set menu for four kicks off with deep-fried minced prawns shaped like pears. It's no longer good enough for food to look natural to be chic in Hong Kong. Jade noodle soup comes next to whet your appetite for the Peking Duck. The waiter deftly rolls the duck with accompaniments into a neat package with a featherlight pancake using chopsticks.

Most of us grew up on Aussie-Cantonese, that hybrid that, at best, tasted like it came from a packet. The Luk Yu Teahouse and Restaurant is pure nostalgia and for 60 years it has held sway at 26 Stanley Street, Central, as an unofficial historical monument to Cantonese cooking. It's a living museum of black fans, marble-backed chairs, kettle warmers and brass spittoons to cater for the mighty and legendary hoicking habits of the

Chinese, thankfully no longer prevalent in the younger generation.

Chilli, garlic and the unusual sauce badly translated into English as "strange" are the hallmarks of Hunan cuisine. The best Hunanese restaurant in Hong Kong is the Hunan Garden Restaurant at The Forum, Exchange Square Central. The atmosphere is deluxe but cold, very Chinese *nouveau riche*. The fairly low prices are a definite warmer, however, as long as you stay away from the stratospherically priced wines. Many dishes are served in the authentic way: my meat dumpling soup was served in a bamboo casing by an ancient, red-faced cook. The special recommendations are mashed pigeon soup, chillied fried chicken, chicken with very hot peppers and the lily-and-lotus dessert.

Sichuan was briefly flavor of the month in the mid-Eighties, a clear departure from the sweet-and-sour stranglehold of Cantonese. For those who hate the Chinese-boy-made-good style of decoration, the Sze Chuan Lau Restaurant (466 Lockhart Road, Causeway Bay) is a comfortably old-fashioned, two-floor haven of spicy Sichuan food in an almost clubby atmosphere. That old yardstick that if a place is full of locals, it must be good is strongly to the fore here, with the emphasis very much on spiced perfumed chicken, camphor tea, smoked duck and eel dishes.

Hong Kong is a gourmet's paradise

But no culinary trip to Hong Kong could pass without afternoon tea at The Peninsula Hotel. For less than \$15 you can tuck into a selection of finger sandwiches, scones and cream cake, sponge cake, patisserie and your choice of tea as the highest concentration of Mercedes Benz and Rolls Royces in the world glides past outside.

Qantas flies to Hong Kong daily from Sydney. Qantas Jetabout Holidays have a range of packages that come in at the price of the basic return airfare. — *Elisabeth King*

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WADING THROUGH BULLSHIT

"Cash flow," he said, and looked me in the eye. Sure. Would I be so dumb as to ask him what he meant? Of course not. We're all men of the world: we know what's going on and understand the oral shorthand of business. Cash flow. Of course. That's why this ski lodge is being sold, for this month only, at a six percent discount. Enough said. Where do I sign?

The above is an example of the two main weapons used by salesmen to offload unnecessary and over-priced products on to us poor, gullible humans: an air of urgency and an atmosphere of conspiracy. A good salesman will try to approach every selling situation as if it were an auction, even if it's only the two of you in a back yard and there's not a cellular phone in sight. (There's another dead giveaway: that swish-looking rooster with the car phone

So it's a deal — two grand off the listed price and some extras thrown in for free or at "cost." I'm just some dill who strolled in off the street ten minutes ago, yet this guy is doing me lots of favors. Why? Cash flow. Wink.

Another good one is: "Frankly, it costs us more to keep this thing here than it does to make no profit on it at all." Or even: "Look, you couldn't have picked a better time. We're taking a bath on this one, but it's worth it to clear our books."

If, the next time you go past that shop or car yard, you see that, indeed, they've gone out of business, then the salesman may well have been telling you the truth. They were chronic overstockers, or yes, they did want to gather as much cash as possible before the bailiffs called around. But if they're still in business, year after year, still selling the same old lines "below cost",

you in the cognoscenti, talking to you in the shorthand of "cash flows" and "volume turnovers" — say no more, a wink's as good as a nod.

This is in lieu, of course, of telling you the truth. The coded answer — "cash flow" — or even just the knowing look which says, "mate, it's stolen but I'm not going to say that" — such answers aren't really answers at all. The real answer could be, for example: "Because we concentrate on sales, our service is minimal; the extras are of the

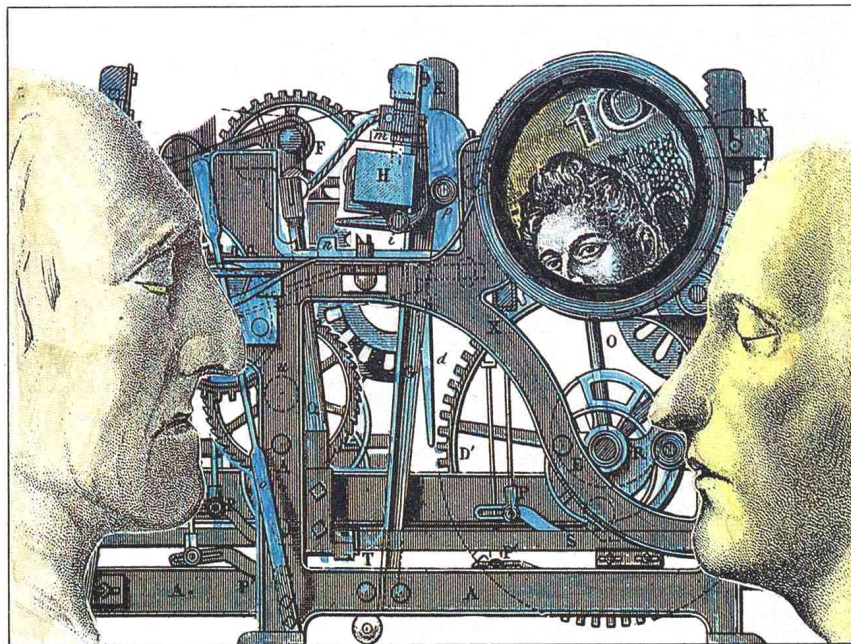
When dealing with salesmen, it pays to ask questions

cheapest kind; and although we'll take your money now and promise you delivery tomorrow, unavoidable delays will occur and, depending on how we can play you, we might stretch delivery for another fortnight."

In the same way, the knowing look might not mean the stuff was stolen from the Rolls Royce factory by somebody's brother who works there. It could be a cover for the fact that the stuff's cheap because it's shit.

Modern hardware shops use the same technique. They are just slightly understaffed so that when you find a shop assistant you hang on to them. As soon as the assistant starts to get irritated or impatient with you, your own anxiety increases. So you ease off on the questions — and buy the male joint and the female joint and the general adaptor and the special adaptor, all because you got psyched out of asking the most vital question of all: isn't there one item that does the job of all these bits, and is cheaper? The answer, were you to persevere, would be yes. But in modern hardware shops (where you have to buy a blister pack of screws each time you want just one) they're not about to volunteer that information.

So if you're not sure, ask questions. And the only one-word answers that are acceptable are "yes" and "no." — *David Quicksilver*



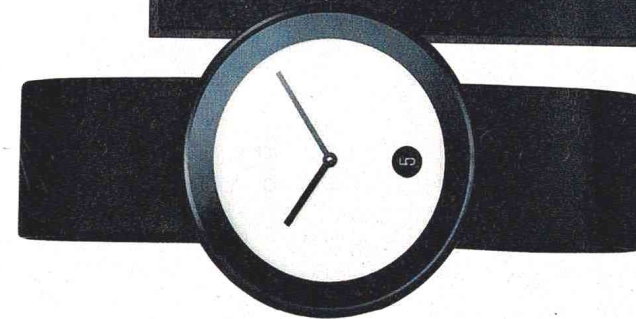
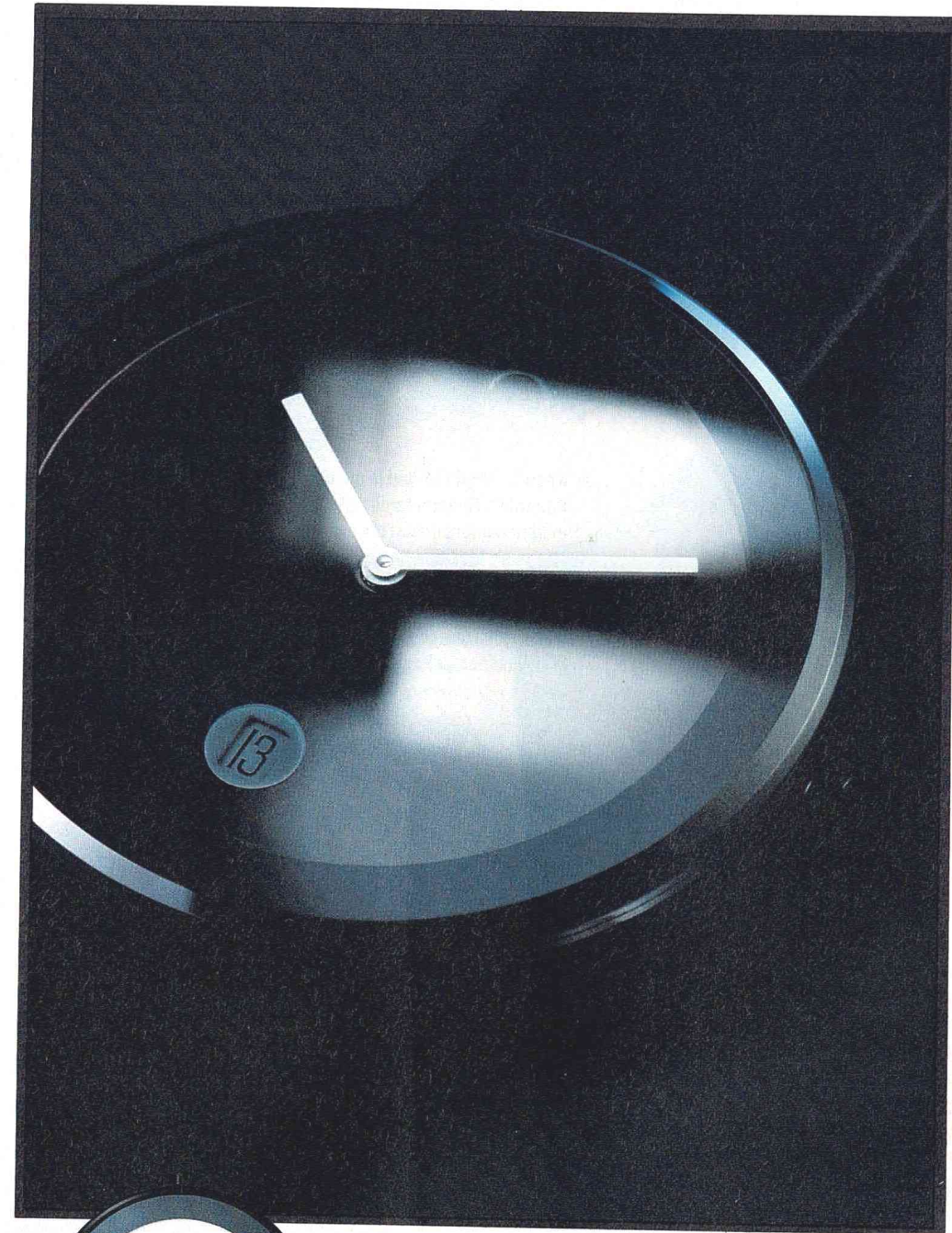
ain't no high-powered executive — they're too smart to be available for constant bothering. No, he's a hard-working salesman.)

Things sell at auction, even junk. So a salesman will tell you that this item is the only one of this color left in the state; it's the last of its line and there won't be any more until next year; there are two other blokes interested and one has put down a deposit, but, if you're offering cash, it's a deal. Tomorrow the other bloke's coming in to have a look...

then they either steal the stuff, are a subsidised charity or their cost price isn't what they say it is.

This is a sophisticated version of the technique used to sell the Sydney Harbour Bridge, the Statue of Liberty or two-bob watches. Nobody likes to look stupid, and a good salesman can make you feel stupid if you ask too many questions. Not that he wants to do that, because part of his skill — his art — is to make you feel good. So he makes you feel good by including

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Richard Paul Lohse

"S-Bit" is the latest buzz in compact disc circles and the term is a reference to the single bit data processing employed by Yamaha. Basically, it's a more accurate method of turning the digital information on the CD into dynamic and highly detailed sound. Yamaha has incorporated S-Bit processing into its latest generation of CD players which deliver superb performance at a modest price. The \$599 CDX-750 features a 25-track program memory, four repeat modes, random play, full remote control (including volume) and a file which stores up to 100 favored selections from ten discs for future replay. More details on the rest of the range from Yamaha Music Australia.



Keep-it-simple-stupid is the design philosophy behind the latest addition to Polaroid's Spectra family. The Spectra 2 is a cut above your common-or-garden instant camera in that it's equipped with sophisticated autofocus and auto exposure facilities (the latter even mixes flash and daylight in exactly the right proportions), but all you have to do is point and shoot. Images are recorded on Polaroid's high resolution Spectra which delivers crisp and accurately colored rectangular images. When not in use the Spectra camera folds down into a neat and slimline package. The price tag is \$199 from Polaroid Australia.



Canon continues to pack more features into its compact cameras and the new Prima 105 is accompanied by no fewer than nine pages of design specifications. The highlights are a 35-105mm power zoom, triple beam autofocus, triple zone exposure metering, automatic flash, continuous film advance and comprehensive LCD display. The focusing and exposure facilities are designed to make the 105 more goof-proof (for example, subject backlighting is no longer a problem), but despite its sophistication, operating the Canon compact demands nothing more than exercising a digit. Canon Australia wants \$499 for one, but if you're prepared to spend an extra \$50 you can have a version which adds captions to your photographs.



Someone in JVC's design department is probably enjoying a nice fat bonus after coming up with the dual full-size/compact VHS tape transport. The first video deck to boast the FC mechanism is JVC's HR-FC100EA (write it down) and the beauty of the design is that a VHS-C cassette can now be swapped straight from camcorder to VCR for replay, no fuss, no hassle. It's good news for owners of VHS-C format cameras who will enjoy the greater level of conveniences. Other features of the FC100 include four heads, auto tracking and HQ signal processing which all adds up to a much better picture quality. More details from Hagemeyer (Australasia) B.V.



If you have to ask the price, you can't afford the latest Hasselblad, but the new 205TCC represents the ultimate in picture-taking hardware. Despite the traditional styling, this 'Blad is the first automatic model from the legendary Swedish company and boasts sophisticated multi-spot metering and aperture-priority exposure control. An autowinder can be added to crank through the 120 format film for action sequences. Of course, fully manual operation is retained for the purists as is the razor-sharp performance of Zeiss lenses. Expect a five figure price tag. More details from C.R. Kennedy & Company.

Minolta's Riva Twin 28 is an ideal travelling companion (and it doesn't cost much to feed either). For starters, it's extremely compact and lightweight (just 270 grams) and consequently comfortably pocketable. There's a choice of 28mm wide-angle and 40mm standard lens settings which means the Riva Twin can handle a wide range of travel photography subjects from expansive landscapes to portraits. Fully automatic operation from film loading to rewind makes the mini Minolta a breeze to use either indoors or when venturing into the wide blue yonder. A modest \$290 will seal the deal.



There's no longer any need to stop when it gets dark ... making home videos, that is. Canon's affordably priced E60 8mm format camcorder comes complete with its own video light. The compact six watt unit is powered from the camcorder's own battery so it's very compact and light. The E60 is equipped with an eight times power zoom, a 1/1000 second high speed shutter, a video fader and a built-in character generator (for creating titles). Operation is fully automatic with an infra-red remote controller for all key recording and replay facilities. \$1399 is the bottom line.

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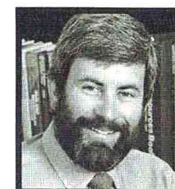
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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

THE SCIENCE OF SELF-MOTIVATION

An ABC of getting off your arse

It's dollars to doughnuts you've heard a bit about motivation. It would be impossible to get through school or play any sport without being on the end of at least one lecture on the subject. Maybe you've even been to a "motivational" seminar, or at least bought a book or a tape about it. But what is "motivation", really?

I suggest motivation usefully refers to effort — to whether or not you will have a try and, if you do, how hard and how long you will try. *Effort*. Skip all the old-fashioned ideas like "instincts", "drives" or "needs." Psychologists skipped them years ago, when they turned out to be a scientific dead-end. And I suggest you skip all the pop psychology ideas like "positive thinking", "mind power" and other quick-fix gimmicks. They are over-simplistic and unscientific. Don't confuse the temporary arousal that a clever showman can produce in you through a glossy presentation with a lasting impact on your motivation. If "motivational" seminars have a lasting impact, why do so many people keep going back for another dose?

However, should you wish to make a steady, scientifically-based approach to building and

maintaining a high level of motivation, be prepared to learn and apply some real psychology.

If motivation usefully refers to effort, what determines your level of effort? I don't like jargon and avoid using it, but you will now have to learn a new word. The main factor that determines your effort is your *self-efficacy*.

Your self-efficacy is your belief in your ability to carry out a specific task to achieve a specific goal. Notice first that self-efficacy is an attitude *you have about yourself* and your abilities. The more realistically you appreciate your abilities, the better and more effective your motivation will be. Second, notice that self-efficacy is *finely-tuned*. You might believe you are quite good at one task, but quite poor at another. These differences will show in the different levels of effort you put into the two tasks.

It is your self-efficacy that determines whether or not you will try a task and, if you do, how hard and how long you will try. These are the aspects of behavior I think are usefully considered under "motivation", and your self-efficacy is the key to them. So, if your effort depends on your self-efficacy, what determines your self-

efficacy? It is influenced by four factors: (1) successful accomplishments; (2) example; (3) persuasion; and (4) your general level of arousal. They give you four gateways for building motivation. Let's look at one at a time.

(1) *Give yourself success*. The best way of building self-efficacy is to see yourself being successful. There is no such thing as trial-and-error learning. All making an error tells you is that you got it wrong. It doesn't tell you what to do instead that would be right. Make enough errors and you simply get discouraged and stop trying. Result: zilch self-efficacy.

Apart from the obvious suggestion of giving yourself the best chance of getting it right through appropriate training, advice or practice, there is one other key to enjoying lots of success. Set realistic goals. A

"Skip quick-fix gimmicks and learn to apply some real psychology."

realistic goal is one you are likely to achieve, taking into account your abilities and circumstances. Set yourself realistic goals and you will enjoy lots of success. Up goes your self-efficacy and up goes your motivation.

Once you achieve a goal you can replace it with another one, until you have reached your personal best. You are much more likely to get there through trial-and-success. If your goal has to be a big or distant one,

you can keep yourself motivated by setting sub-goals that gradually approach the final goal.

(2) *Find successful examples*. Modelling is the learning process of watching someone, with whom you can identify, do the task successfully and so believing you can, too. Modelling is an important part of human learning, so cash in on it. Find yourself someone who is a good example of success at the task you want to do well. See how he does it and use him as your model. Your motto is: "If he can do it, so can I."

(3) *Talk yourself into trying*. We often talk ourselves out of trying: "If I try this, I'll only fail." Or we talk ourselves into giving up as soon as something goes wrong: "I knew I couldn't do it." Now I suggest you talk yourself into trying, like this: "I might feel anxious when I give this a try and I'll feel disappointed if it doesn't work, but I can cope with those feelings. The chance of feeling bad is not a good enough reason to miss out on being successful. I won't tell myself I shouldn't feel anxious — it's only normal — but I won't make myself more anxious by imagining things going wrong."

(4) *Manage your arousal level*. We need enough arousal to get us going, without so much that we're overwhelmed. Too little arousal and you're asleep. Too much and it disrupts your performance. That's what real stress management is about — achieving a moderate level of arousal most of the time. If you are mostly under-aroused, you are probably bored or depressed. If you are mostly over-aroused, you probably have a stress problem. Taking some constructive steps to manage your arousal level will be an important part of your self-motivation program. 



BY NICK EVANS

More than 250,000 Australians visit Thailand every year — most of them single men. The reason: it's one of the few places in the world where you can buy the girl of your dreams for \$30 a night. But these days the prices stay low because the risk gets higher. A Sydney executive, married with a child and, ironically, employed by a life insurance company, has just become the first

SUICIDE CITY

With 200 new cases of AIDS being reported every day in Thailand, the sensual capital of Bangkok has turned into a death trap.

SUICIDE CITY

Australian to contract AIDS after a business trip to Bangkok. Despite the warnings, he won't be the last. Some Australians apparently have a death wish.

It was a senior Australian official who introduced me to the raunchiest bar in the raunchiest street in the raunchiest city in Asia. I won't reveal his name, because despite his sexual peccadillos he continues to serve his country with distinction in international forums. And anyway, he's not the only Aussie VIP I've bumped into carousing in the fleshpots of Bangkok and Manila.



We had met in a perfectly tame watering hole midway along the Patpong Road strip for an innocuous lunch of double pastrami sandwiches and Kloster beer. For perhaps a couple of hours we traded tidbits of information concerning the political, military and sexual secrets that still make Bangkok, years after the Vietnam War, one of the world's great centres of intrigue. Then, my VIP contact rose to wend his way down Patpong and Convent Roads to an appointment at the Australian Embassy on South Sathorn. But, almost as an afterthought, he murmured: "Have you ever been to the Kangaroo Club?"

In those days I was not fully *au fait* with the teeming metropolis the Thais call *Krung Thep*, City of Angels. "What, that big green and gold joint that's full of Australians and sells Fourx and Fosters?"

"No, the other Kangaroo Club . . . Follow me."

Chuckling, he led me out into the pollution-suffused glare of a Bangkok afternoon. We turned left up Patpong and strolled a few

hundred humid metres towards Suriwongse Road.

Even this early, the touts were out with their English-language "menus" of sex acts on offer in Patpong's notorious bars: fuck shows, lesbian shows, girls pulling razor blades out of their vaginas with the ease of a magician pulling a rabbit from his hat. Girls sticking blow pipes up themselves, then firing darts with astonishing accuracy to burst balloons held by sniggering customers. Girls smoking cigarettes, but not with their mouths. Girls co-starring in sex shows with snakes and fish.

It all reminded me of the pukka British publisher who closely scrutinised a Patpong



tout's sex menu and declared all the shows on offer to be passe. "Mista, what you want to see?" asked the exasperated tout. "Girl with elephant," the publisher demanded. Unfazed, the tout replied: "Okay — take one hour to arrange."

In a street where *anything* was available, what was so special about this Kangaroo Club? "Here," said my contact, pointing at the peeling paintwork of an ancient door. Above it, in as-yet unilluminated neon, was the outline of Australia's best-known marsupial — the one that Asians mistake for a rat when painted on the tail of a Qantas jet.

It was only just after 2pm and the place appeared closed. But my contact pulled the door open and led me up a creaking staircase. The room at the top was almost pitch black. Barely noticeable along one wall was a small bar with high stools and the shadowy figure of a bartender.

We took a seat at the bar and ordered. Scotch for him, Kloster for me. It could have been any sleazy bar anywhere in the world. Until, that is, the four girls launched them-

selves upon us. Clearly, they didn't subscribe to the Western woman's view that a few skimpy items of lace and nylon increase sexual allure. All four were spectacularly naked, even down to their shaved vaginas. They were voluptuous for Thais, firm-fleshed in their late teens, with the flattish noses of the Esarn girls from the north-east, the poorest region of the country close to the border with Laos.

Many such girls come to Bangkok with the paddy field mud still stuck between their toes. If they haven't already been bought from their families upcountry, they're signed up by the pimps who hover around the north-eastern bus terminal and Hualampong railway station. Mostly because of their lack of sophistication and their dark skin color, Thai men don't find them particularly attractive. Western men go weak at the knees.

Now, in most Thai bars, there's a certain etiquette. A girl will, even if stark naked, introduce herself with a handshake and a "Sawasdee ka" — "Hello." It may be a full 30 seconds before she apparently accidentally slips her hand across your lap, explores the bulge and remarks admiringly on the size.

At this point the true Australian gentleman, if he's an old Asia hand, will blush modestly and say: "Lek lek", meaning "Very small." The Thai lass will then squeeze harder and declare: "Yai yai" — "Very big." Everyone within earshot will then roll around in laughter.

But the girls in the Kangaroo Club were not big on etiquette. Without so much as a *sawasdee*, one was trying to smother me with her ample tits, the other crouching down pulling at the zipper of my pants. Of course, I tried to fight them off: "Stop it. I am with my friend . . . Very important man."

"No Mista, it okay . . ."

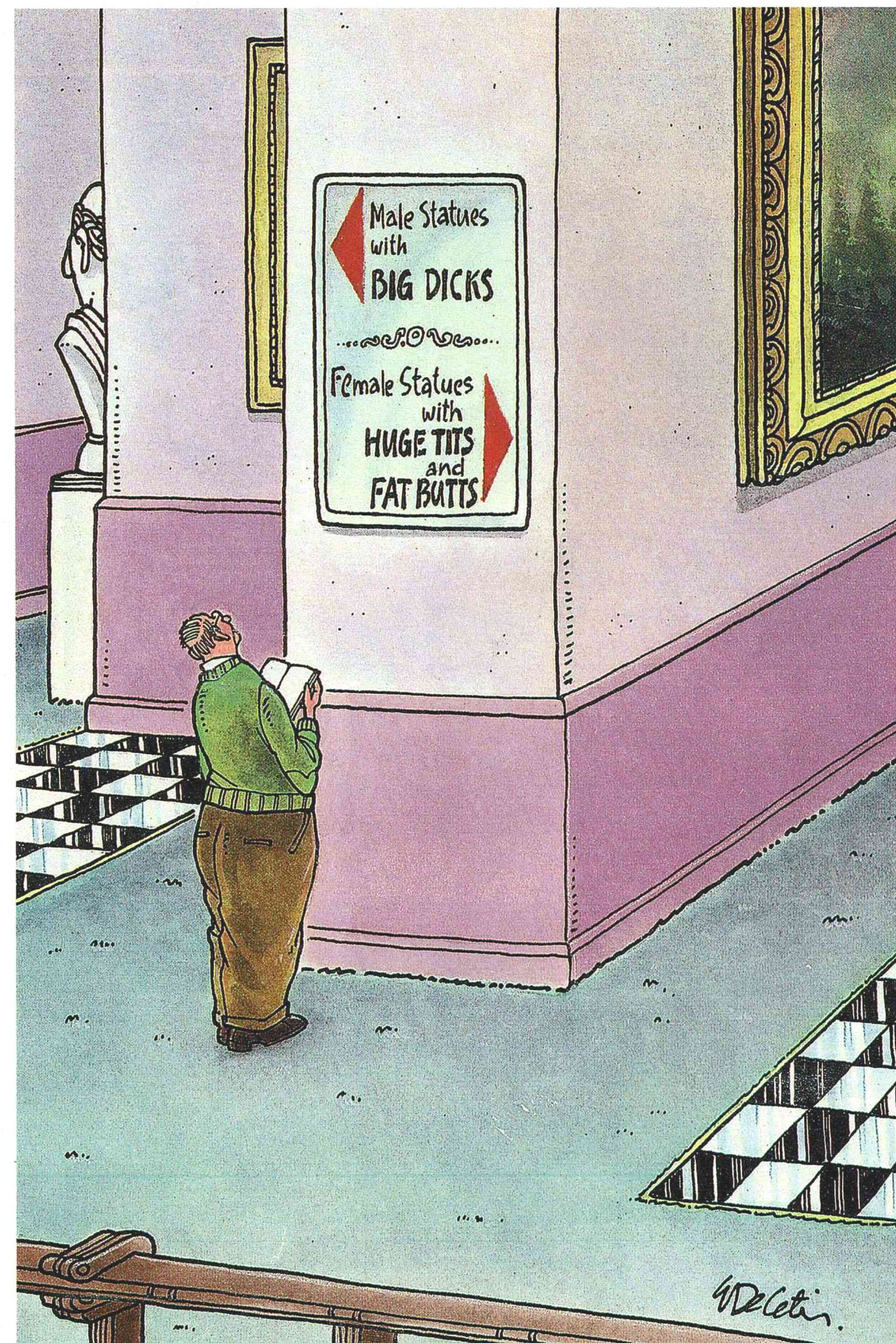
The tug-of-trousers continued for several minutes as I tried to explain in pidgin Thai that in view of the eminence of my companion I must be on my best behavior. Finally, exasperated, the girl standing up released my face from her vice-like bosom. "Look, Mista, it okay. Look your friend."

For the first time, I swivelled round on my bar stool. There was the VIP, pipe in one hand, Scotch glass in the other, chatting cheerfully to the barman. His shirt was open and one of the girls was massaging his chest. His trousers were around his knees and the other girl was crouched between his legs, his erect cock in her mouth, giving him a vigorous blow job in full view of the other customers.

Beside him stood a silver ice bucket. Who had ordered champagne? No-one, it transpired. A few seconds later the crouching girl paused, reached across to the bucket and put several ice cubes in her mouth. Then she resumed her task.

My friend turned towards me, beaming. "This," he chortled, "is the speciality of the house. It's called a BJ on the rocks. The ice really adds to the sensation, old boy."

In subsequent weeks I learned much



SUICIDE CITY

more about the Kangaroo Club. While tourists tended to pass it by, lured by the flashier facades of neighboring bars, it had become something of a cult venue for the expatriate Australian community. One of the favorite midday experiences of the Western male was the "slimmer's lunch" — a beer and a blowjob.

On rowdy nights out, a circular table covered with a large cloth would be wheeled out. Six or seven customers would sit around it. A girl would then crawl under the table, unzip a fly and start sucking a cock. The idea of the game was to guess which of the players she had chosen. Naturally, the suckee had to keep a straight face lest his cover be blown. I'm told this was a very difficult task. Obviously first invented in Manila, the game is known as "Filipino roulette."

For the privacy-conscious, the Kangaroo Club has a small back room equipped with a dentist-style chair. But usually, customers are content to be serviced on the bar stools. As your eyes become accustomed to the light, you'll often be surprised to find some leading figure of the Bangkok expatriate Establishment perched on the next bar stool with a small dusky head bobbing up and down in his lap. But Bangkok has always been that sort of city — unashamedly licentious.

And that, alas, has been its undoing. As it

may prove to be for the many Australians — famous, infamous and anonymous — who have succumbed to the seductive charms of those two small Bangkok streets known as Patpong I and II and the many other red light districts of the teeming and mysterious capital. Or, alternatively, have preferred their sex beachside at Pattaya, the dissolute resort on the Gulf of Thailand, or Patong on the lovely Isle of Phuket.

Sadly, AIDS has struck Thailand hugely. Already, 200,000 people are infected with the disease and 200 new cases are being reported daily. Within ten years the toll is expected to reach two million. One survey revealed that 40 percent of Bangkok's prostitutes have tested HIV positive. In the beautiful and historic tourist city of Chiang Mai, the situation may be even worse. A survey of cheaper brothels there found the figure was nearer 70 percent.

In Chiang Mai recently, I shared a bottle of Mekong whisky with a Thai bureaucrat. The man was quite distraught. "We have polluted our rivers, our beaches and our air," he lamented. "Now our women are polluted also."

After a recent raid on a brothel at Wong Wien Yai, just across the Chao Phraya River from the big riverside tourist hotels, 17 out of 18 girls were found to be HIV-positive.

Then there are the visitors. When it comes to tourism, Thailand can show Australia a thing or two. While we struggled to attract two million visitors, the Thais last year lured a

record five million. Of these, 250,000 were Australians — a 15 percent increase on the previous year.

While many people visit Thailand for its unique culture and scenic grandeur, most tourists are still single — or at least, unaccompanied — males. And most of them put sex ahead of scenery. Last May, Sydney AIDS expert Professor John Dwyer revealed the case of the life insurance executive, a family man from Sydney's affluent eastern suburbs, who had contracted AIDS after visiting a Bangkok brothel. Eleven of the man's colleagues also visited the same whorehouse, Dwyer said.

Little wonder, then, that the Australian-educated Thai official charged with fighting the AIDS epidemic, Mechai Viravaidya, has coined a new name for the infamous sex tours to Thailand. He calls them "suicide tours." Little wonder, too, that Professor Dwyer is urging the Australian Government to distribute warning notices to Australians visiting Thailand and the Philippines. Says Dwyer: "It is nothing short of irresponsible madness to have sex with a prostitute in any part of Thailand." And that, he stresses, includes sex with a rubber.

And so Patpong Road, once one of the world's gentlest and most amusing red light districts — where, in 1984, Margaret Thatcher's prim and proper daughter, Carol, cheerfully held up balloons for the vaginal dart-shooters — is becoming a harder, more desperate place.

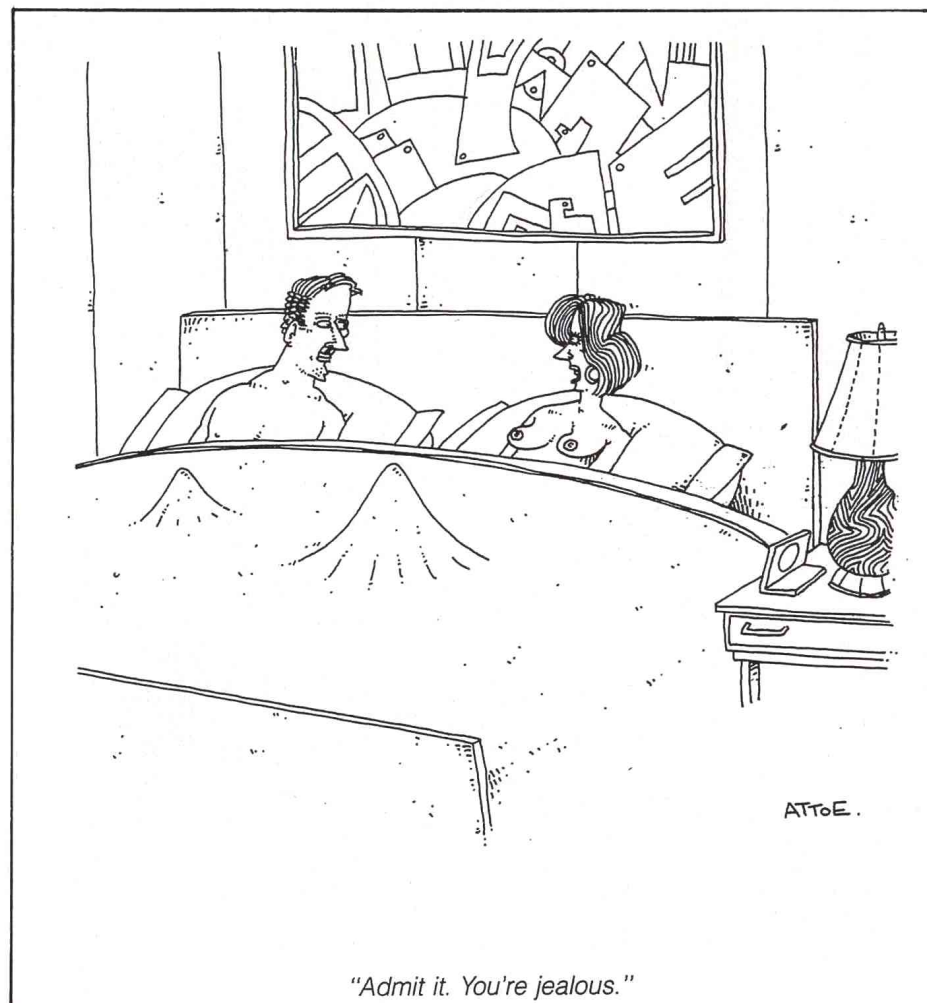
For the first few years the Thais deliberately played down the risks, admitting to only a handful of AIDS cases. Few of the working girls had enough education to understand the gauntlet they were running. And many of those who did shut their minds to it.

Thais are devout Buddhists. You can observe it everywhere, even in the bars where most go-go dancers and sex act performers bow their heads and make a prayer-like *wei* gesture to a discreetly-placed Buddha image before embarking on their routines. Buddhism has helped build the extraordinary Thai strength of character and national pride — qualities that helped the country avoid colonisation by Western powers. But it also instills a kind of fatalism. AIDS or no AIDS, the sex trade goes on.

Adding to the risks is the sad fact that the girls' boyfriends are sometimes male prostitutes. The stretch of Silom Road between Patpong and Rama IV is a notorious transvestite area. One small *soi* (lane) is known as the "Gay Patpong", where men perform unprotected sex acts on stage.

Recently the Thai Government has come clean about the true level of AIDS and hired Geelong Grammar School old boy Mechai to lead the battle against it. Several years ago, Mechai spearheaded a highly successful birth control campaign based on condom use and vasectomy operations. In recognition of this, Thais refer to condoms as

Continued on page 84



"Admit it. You're jealous."



A TIME TO REFLECT.

FAVOURITE GLASSWARE CHILLED WITH ICE. THE 'GOLDEN NECTAR FROM SKYE' GENTLY

CASCADING INTO THE NIGHT. REFLECTIONS OF GOOD TIMES SHARED.





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SILK & CHAMPAGNE

Lisa Comshaw, 25, is a woman with an agenda. Having worked as a barmaid for several years, she then became the manageress of a nightclub. Now this 36-25-36 dynamo is hoping to buy her own club. "I'll call it 'Sophia's', after Sophia Loren — some people say I look like her."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
SUZE RANDALL





"I'm an absolute night owl," Lisa says. "Getting up and going to work at 8am is something I couldn't begin to contemplate. So night club business suits me down to the ground. I love the social life that goes with the job, too. I get to know many of our regulars and pride myself on being a good hostess."

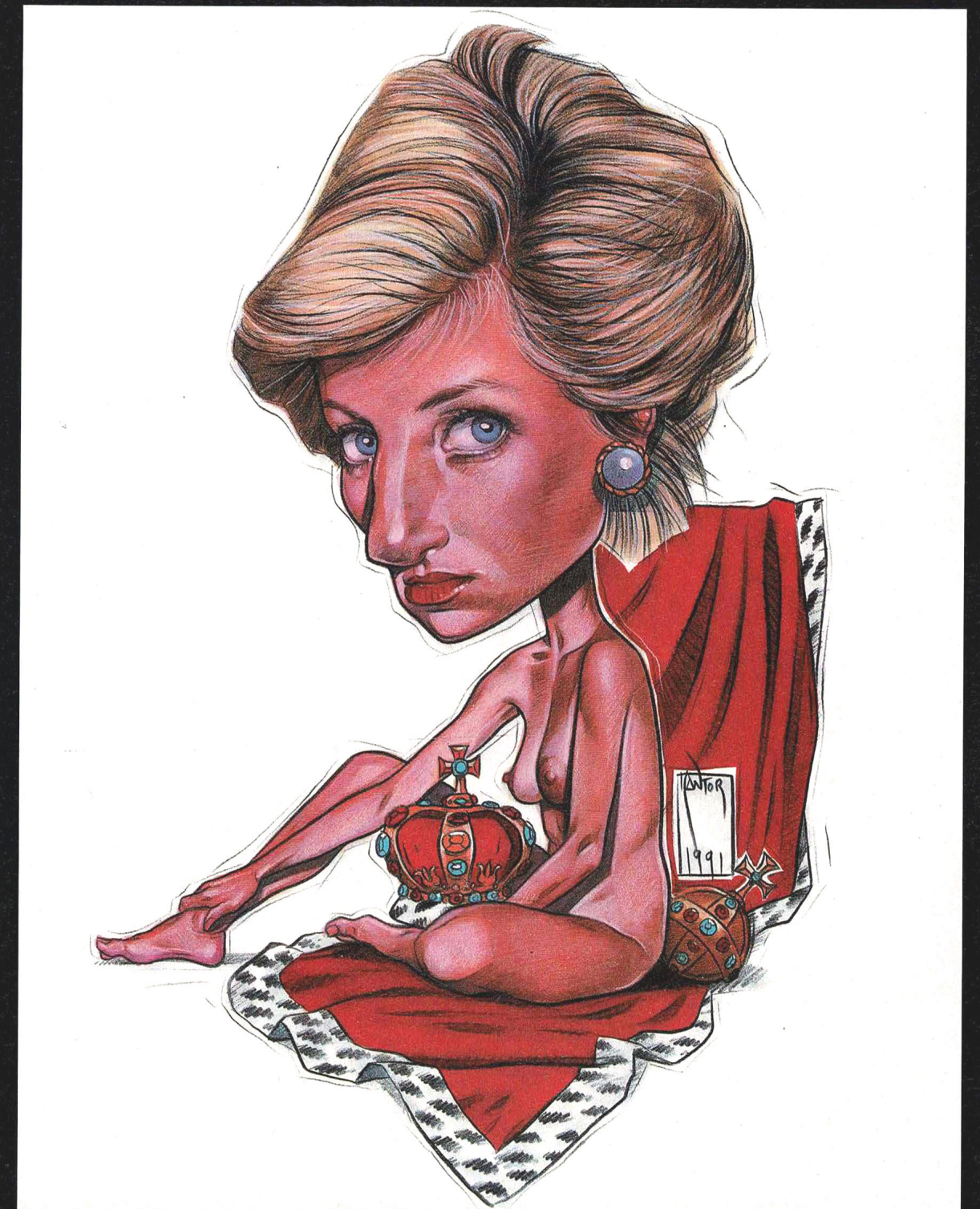
Lisa says she loves luxury — lots of it.
“I’m a silk and champagne girl down
to my toenails,” she laughs.
“Therefore I just couldn’t imagine not
being successful!” As for men, they
need to be able to afford and
appreciate a fine lifestyle. “Why settle
for mud,” Lisa shrugs, “when you can
have diamonds?”







K A N T O R ' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Princess Diana



BY TODD COLE

who dares?

I'd heard that candidates were indiscriminately beaten, forced to drink blood, starved, dehydrated, shot at and tortured. I was even told that complete initiation required the taking of a human life. As ridiculous as the rumors sounded, I'd heard them too many times to reject them outright. So I listened with masochistic delight, devoured each trace of information, and quizzed the narrators for more. Then, when the first opportunity arose, I volunteered for the course. I wanted nothing more than to be a soldier in the Australian Army's elite fighting force — the Special Air Service. All I had to do was pass this two-week selection course, known as the cadre course. Maybe it ought to be called the cadaver course.

We arrived at a lonely, decrepit West Australian army base in three deluxe coaches. The 120 candidates — who would be known as "Rangers" — alighted from the buses and milled around nervously. I expected to be subjected to some inhuman torture immediately, yet the supervisors (SAS non-commissioned officers) strolled around and chatted with the Rangers. The atmosphere was almost friendly. One Ranger called me aside and discreetly showed me a pistol he had brought. "Just in case things get out of hand," he confided.

**A personal account
of the gruelling
selection process
for the Australian
SAS**

who dares?

It was on the third day of gruelling physical exercise that the course began to exact its toll. A variety of physical tests, interleaved among a host of other exercises, had to be completed. One of them was a 15-kilometre run, with equipment, in under 90 minutes.

I was running along, encouraging a friend to finish, when he stopped and threw up. He sat down on the road and refused to budge. I goaded him to get up using every motivational trick I knew. Finally, after I'd insulted his wife, he came toward me. There was hatred in his eyes; his mouth was foaming with a mixture of saliva and vomit. He started chasing me and I ran, continuing my cannonade of insults. Ten minutes later we crossed the line in 87 minutes 30 seconds. Finally he caught me and started punching me in the face, but he had no power left. When he eventually calmed down, he told me: "It's not worth it, man. This is shit." He walked over to a sergeant and withdrew from the course. I haven't seen him since.

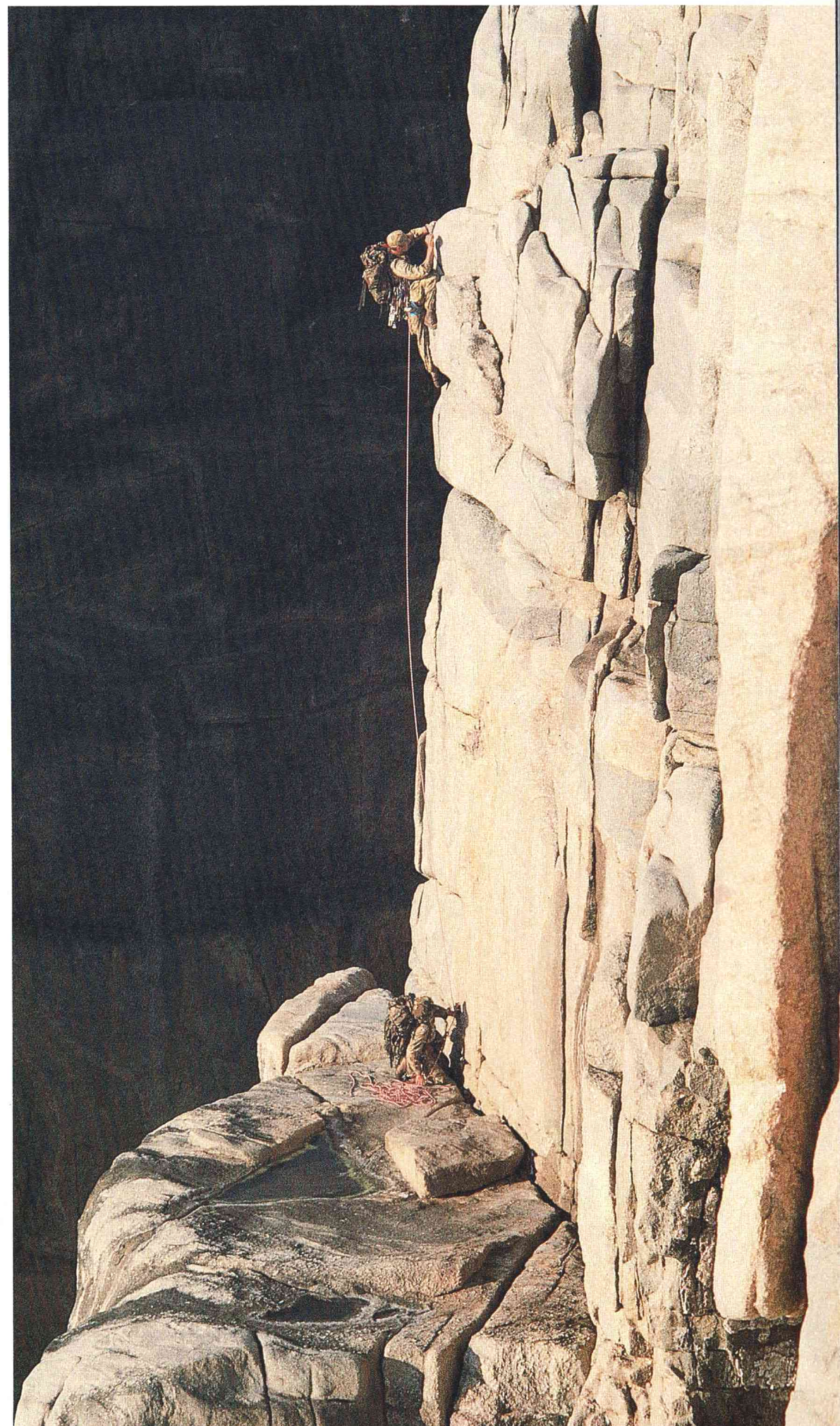
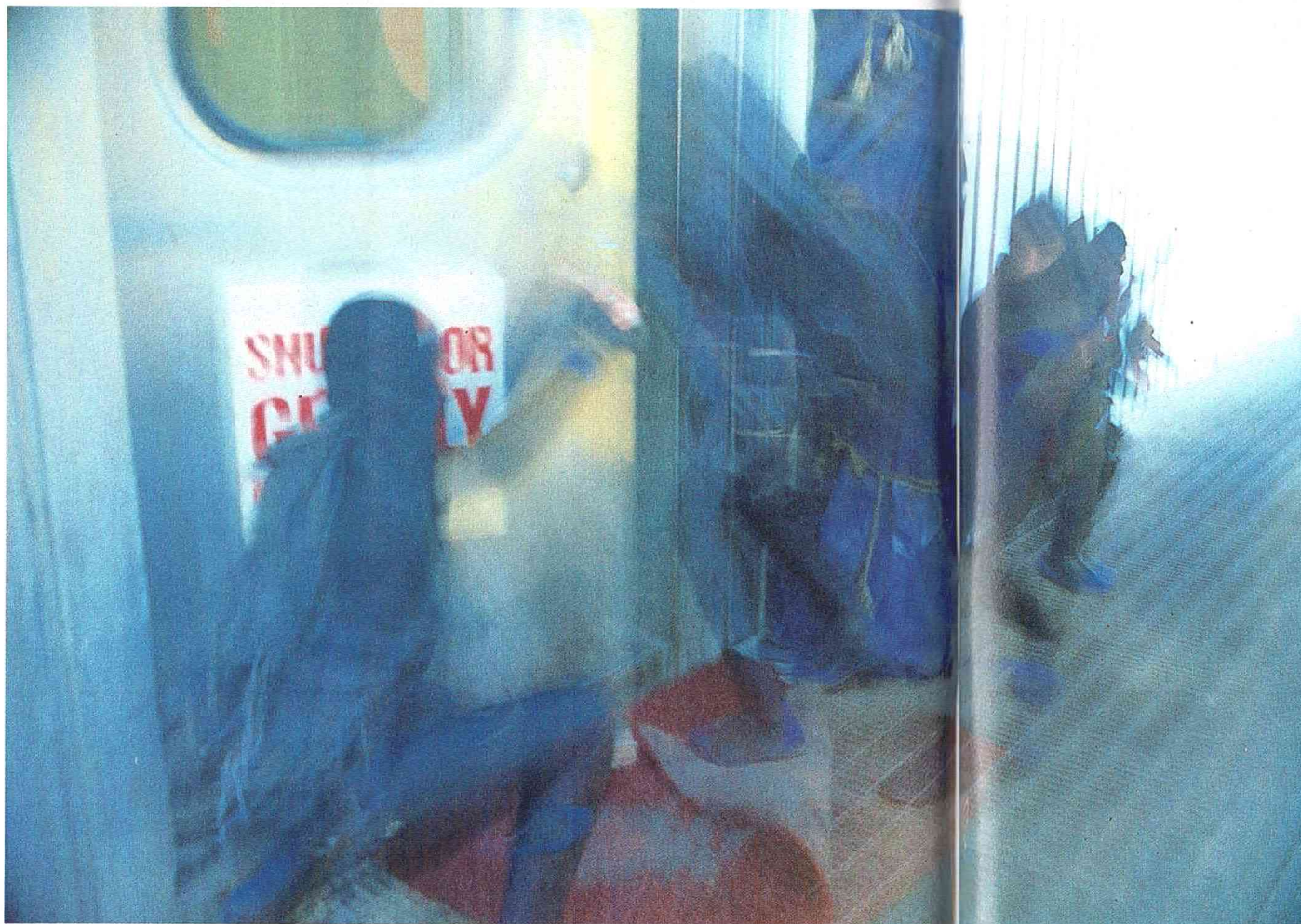
By day five we'd done every kind of exercise imaginable. We exercised from dawn to dusk, then attended lectures on navigation, first aid and weapons until midnight or 1am. It would start again at 5am. So far the course had been very hard, but by no means brutal or tortuous. I was young and fit, and in a way I was enjoying it. Apparently ten soldiers had already withdrawn. These people you never saw. Once you effected your withdrawal, you were transferred out within minutes. I noticed the Ranger who had shown me the pistol was no longer among our "battle-weary" group.

A further dozen had been removed because of medical injuries. If your injuries were substantial, or you didn't make an effective recovery within the specified period, you were withdrawn and allowed to apply next year. For some soldiers this would become an effective method of saving face later in the course.

I felt secure that I had the right stuff. The first week was nearly up and things were looking good. Then one night, I was happily devouring my sausages and three vegetables when I decided to get a cup of coffee. I walked over to the urn and suddenly felt very naked, very exposed. I looked down: in my right hand was the coffee and in the other was a spoon. Fuck! my rifle! I'd left it at the table and out of reach — a cardinal sin. I turned to see a supervisor inspecting my predicament. He smiled the sort of smile that says: "Your arse is mine, boyo."

The supervisor spoke calmly. "Why do

Clockwise from top left: Freefall parachuting with full equipment; Rock climbing; Water operations troopers in action.



who dares?

you think we try to instil the idea that you must always carry your rifle with you?"

His calmness unnerved me. I expected some monumental army-style bawling out. I was lost for words. "I...I...I don't know, sir."

"Let's go for a walk and talk about it."

As we strolled, he talked of discipline and training, constantly espousing the values of reward and punishment. Finally he asked my opinion as to what type of punishment I should receive. I thought 100 burpees (a curious mixture of a push-up and a jumping jack) would be fair. He glanced at me with a smile: "Yeah, that's fair for a normal soldier, but not for a member of the regiment, is it?"

There it was: the loaded question. "One hundred and fifty," I said. He frowned.

"Two hundred and fifty." He nodded, sat down and began to roll a cigarette.

At 75 I was exhausted. I reached the point where continuing seemed an impossibility. At 150 I collapsed. After a second I tried to start again. I threw up my sausages and three vegetables. I felt sure he would tell me to stop. He didn't. I stood up and reeled to one side, uncontrollably dry-retching in the process. He caught me and smiled: "One hundred and fifty-three — only 97 to go." At 220 I was close to passing out. I held my breath when I

jumped up, hoping to faint and so get a reprieve. It worked, partially. I passed out for a second or two and collapsed. I regained consciousness with my head in my dinner and the supervisor still watching.

"Only 30 to go," he said encouragingly. After finishing the lot I collapsed on the ground. "I would have been happy with 200," he said, daintily stepping over me.

At 3am the following morning the lights came on and a supervisor in full battledress stormed into our barracks and told us to ready ourselves for a day-long patrol. I put on my army-issue back-breaking pack. We were separated into patrols and given different orders. We walked into the night.

According to the supervisor, there were "unfriendlies" in the area. Of course, in the desert backblocks of Western Australia the unfriendliest thing we would be likely to see would be an irate cow, but nevertheless we marched on, carefully "arcing" our rifles and playing the game. We continued through the day and into the night again. Finally we arrived at our destination at about 3am. It was an effort to eat my ration pack and I quickly fell asleep.

What felt like ten minutes later we were woken and driven to another, more desolate area. Following my truck was the ambulance — not a good sign. On arrival we were split into different groups and given another destination. Off we marched, this time without a supervisor. At three that

afternoon, I ran out of water. At six in the evening everyone had run out. I knew we had a ten-hour march left, and with no water the situation was very serious. We all had a radio for use in an emergency, but to use it for water would result in certain failure.

We arrived the following afternoon and were promptly returned to barracks. I was told a lot of Rangers had voluntarily withdrawn during the past 48 hours. This became apparent when we boarded the buses an hour later. We had arrived in three, and now there were only two. Someone joked that by the end of the course the survivors would be returned to base in a taxi. He didn't know how prescient he was.

I sat in the bus trying to sleep, yet it was pointless. I was fatigued and apprehensive. As evening fell on the West Australian desert, I noticed something was obscuring the sunset in this otherwise perfectly flat plain. I strained through the bus window to see what it could be. Up out of the desert floor protruded a ridge of steep mountains. It was the Stirling Ranges. Somehow I knew that was where we were going.

On arrival we were instructed to climb five mountains in three days — alone. However, no-one could move between the hours of 9pm and 6am due to the hazardous territory. Considering the last exercise had involved considerable sleep deprivation, this one appeared almost enticing.



"I'm sorry, Constance, but I'm recasting the role of my wife."

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But on the second day, a minute navigational error resulted in my walking up an extra mountain. Nothing is so deflating as toiling up a 40-degree slope for seven hours and discovering you are on the wrong incline. I completed the task, though, and was driven back to base with the remaining Rangers. I knew the course was approaching its 14th day. The end, so I thought, was in sight.

That evening the supervisors, normally aloof, mingled with the 60 remaining Rangers. Half a dozen cases of beer appeared and the majority of Rangers wasted no time in devouring the lot. Most inferred the ordeal was almost over and we could relax. I noticed the supervisors weren't drinking all that much, so I went to bed to the sound of drunken revelry.

At 4.40am I awoke for a piss. On the way to the latrine I saw a supervisor in full battle dress. I knew something was going on, so I began to ready myself for a patrol. Sure enough, 20 minutes later we were in trucks heading into the bush. I quizzed one of the supervisors I had talked with the previous evening. At first he refused to answer, but finally he said: "We've got ridda the chaff. Now we gotta get ridda the shit."

My patrol of six alighted from the trucks with our supervisor and we received our first orders. It seemed a simple day's

march. We started the patrol and the supervisor suddenly stopped us. "One of you is hurt," was his laconic command. Everybody looked at themselves.

"One of you has to be stretchered," he clarified.

In my patrol we had a man nicknamed "Tiny" who was, of course, a 100-kilo giant. A more lightweight Ranger leaped forward and volunteered. But the supervisor pointed to Tiny . . . naturally. We constructed a rudimentary stretcher and carried Tiny off down the track. It was slow going and the simple one-day march turned into an arduous day-and-a-half slog. Regardless, spirits were still high: when we reached our destination we would be finished.

For 17 hours we carried Tiny up hill and over dale, trying desperately to make it within the time-frame of our orders. At 3am the next morning we arrived. It was hard, but we'd made it. We set up camp and ate the last of our rations. As we were preparing for a couple of hours' rest, the supervisor approached us with one of those "I'm about to tell you a whole heap of shit" looks on his face.

"Listen, fellas. We've had a little problem with the trucks that are coming to pick you up this morning," he said, motioning towards the sunrise.

"What is it, sir?" Tiny asked naively.

"Well, it seems the truck has been captured by 'unfriendlies' and you're going to

be taken out by chopper." (Why didn't I believe him?) "The rendezvous is about 18 kms from here and the pick-up time is 1400 hours."

I looked at my watch. It would be easy to make it in that time. We could sleep for two, maybe three hours.

"There is just one little hitch," he continued. "You have to take this radio to the chopper as well." He pointed at a large green army foot-locker. Something told me it wouldn't be light. It turned out to be full of rocks and sand.

"What about rations?" I asked

"They were in the truck," he replied.

We broke camp, figured out a sling for the "radio" and began to haul it towards our destination. As we left the area I saw a totally empty truck pulling out, followed by the ever-present ambulance.

At 1500 (3pm) that day we arrived with the "radio." There, seated in this desolate wilderness, was a supervisor. We all attempted a cordial greeting, but after 36 hours without sleep it was difficult. "You missed the chopper," he said, smiling.

"What about rations, sir?" Tiny asked.

"Well, the chopper couldn't stay too long so he only dropped off some water. There's supposed to be" — he paused and looked around suspiciously — "some unfriendlies in the area."

There they were, all right — those

Continued on page 96

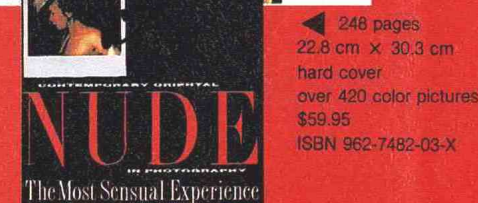


裸 NUDE

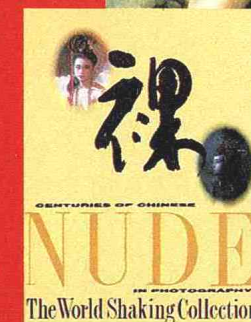
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Signature _____

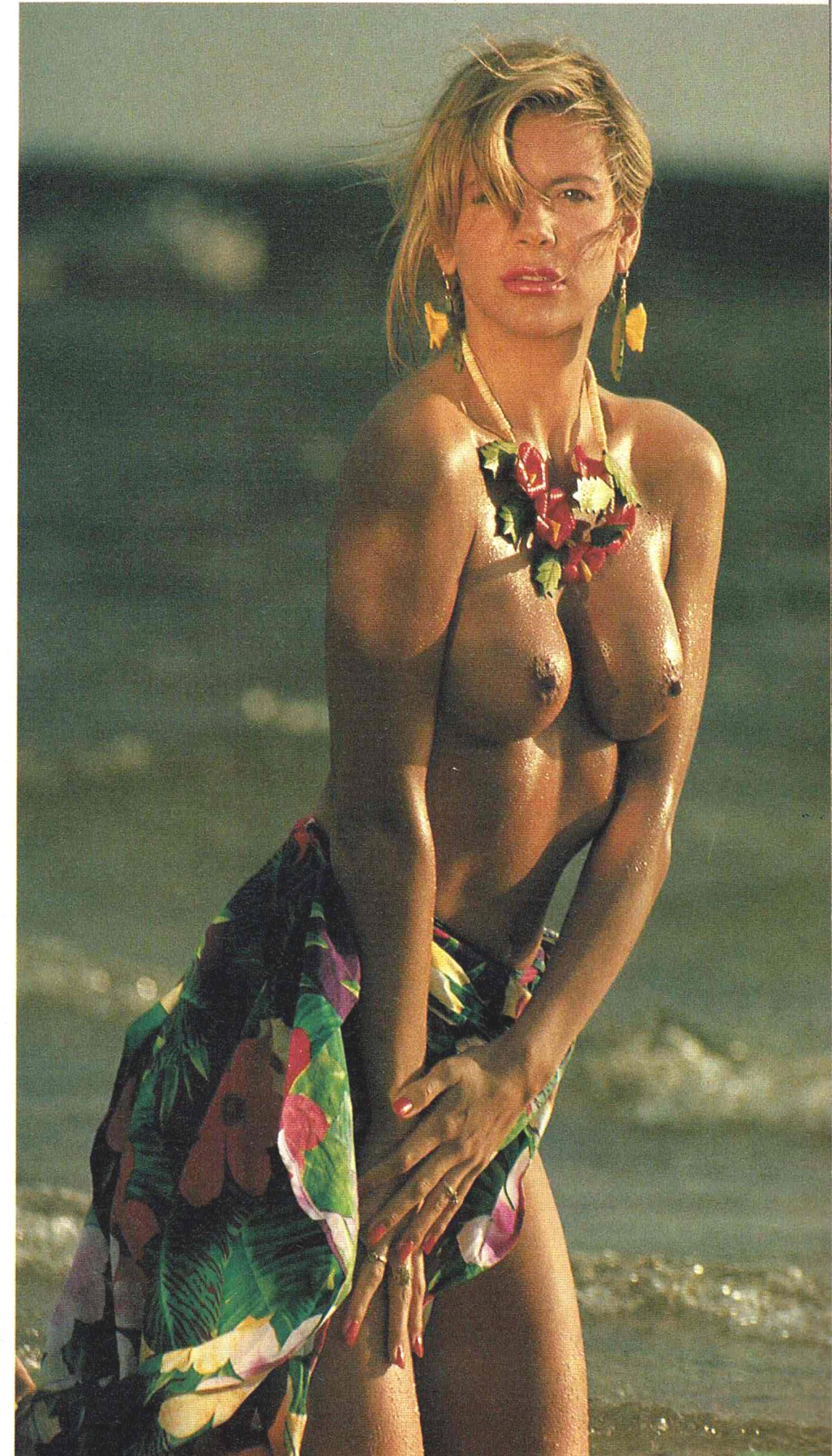
Payment must accompany order. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
Offer only applicable in Australia to persons over 18 years of age.



GREAT WAVES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Johanne, 23, is a professional model and part-time stylist. "My first big job was in a Mickey Mouse suit at Disneyland," she says, grinning. "I lost pounds and pounds sweating inside that suit and couldn't wait to get it off! I've often preferred working with as few clothes as possible since then."





One of Johanne's favorite activities is surfing. "I'm a real beach baby. Just show me the right waves, and off I go." Johanne also dances to say in shape. "To be frank, I find being fit and supple makes such a difference to my love life. For that reason alone, an exercise regime is worth the effort."





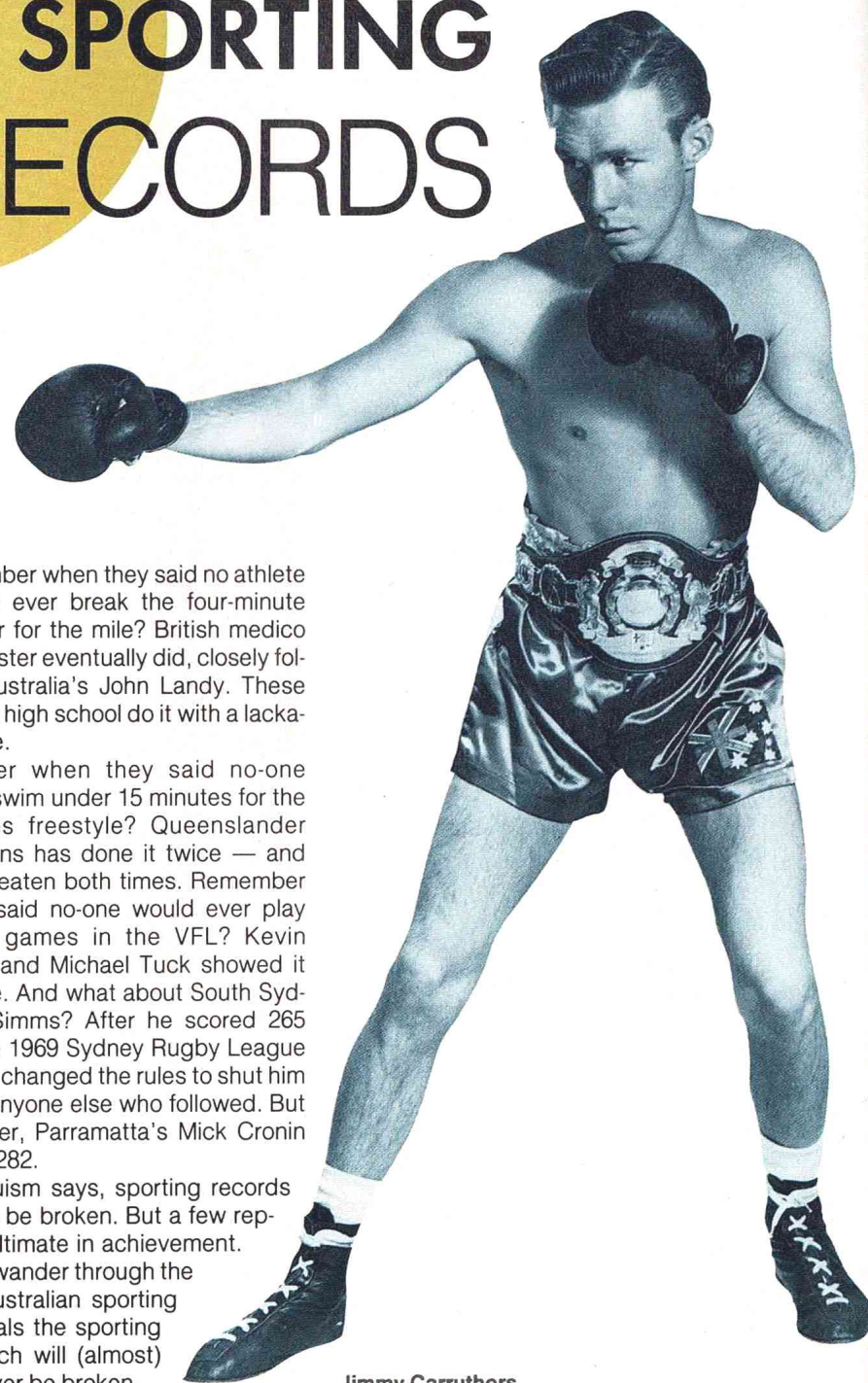
Johanne hasn't got a special man in her life at the moment. "I'm pretty fussy, really. I know lots of terrific men and I go out regularly with friends. But as for the big one — I just haven't hit the spark yet. I hope I do. I've always loved a little excitement."





**Sporting records are
made to be beaten. But
the following 10 will
never be broken**

UNBREAKABLE SPORTING RECORDS



Jimmy Carruthers

BY MALCOLM ANDREWS
PHOTOS BY ERN McQUILLAN

Remember when they said no athlete would ever break the four-minute barrier for the mile? British medico Roger Bannister eventually did, closely followed by Australia's John Landy. These days, kids in high school do it with a lackadaisical ease.

Remember when they said no-one would ever swim under 15 minutes for the 1500 metres freestyle? Queenslander Keiran Perkins has done it twice — and he's been beaten both times. Remember when they said no-one would ever play 400 senior games in the VFL? Kevin Bartlett did and Michael Tuck showed it was no fluke. And what about South Sydney's Eric Simms? After he scored 265 points in the 1969 Sydney Rugby League season they changed the rules to shut him down, and anyone else who followed. But 13 years later, Parramatta's Mick Cronin notched up 282.

As the truism says, sporting records are made to be broken. But a few represent the ultimate in achievement. A nostalgic wander through the pages of Australian sporting history reveals the sporting records which will (almost) certainly never be broken.

Jimmy Carruthers throws 147 punches in 139 seconds to win the World Bantamweight Championship.

Few boxers exploded on to the world scene with the ferocity of Jimmy Carruthers. After just 15 professional fights he won the World Bantamweight title. The way he did it stunned the world and such an exhibition will almost certainly never be seen again.

He was matched with South African Vic Toweel at the Rand Stadium in Johannesburg on November 15, 1952. The local idol was hot favorite to dispose of the challenger from Australia. But he was unable to land even a single punch. Carruthers, who died last year, remembered their first meeting: "He was wearing a new suit, had a brand new car and looked like a millionaire. My reaction was a determination to kill him when we got into the ring so that I could have them instead."

The Australian attacked from the opening bell. A left hook after a few seconds left Toweel groggy. He came back at the count of nine, but more solid punches forced him back through the ropes and on to the canvas again. This time it was for good. Carruthers had won in two minutes 19 seconds and had become the first Australian to be universally recognised as a world champion.

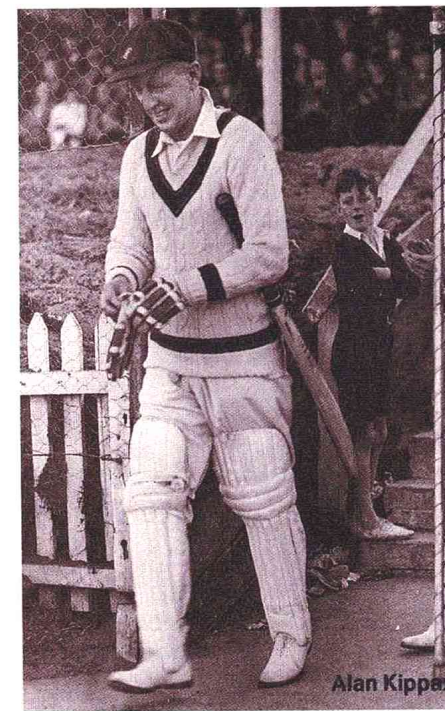
A check of the film of the fight showed Carruthers had rained an incredible 147 blows on the hapless Toweel in the 139 seconds of the bout. Toweel threw one punch and it failed to land. Experts say it would be impossible to throw more punches than Carruthers did in such a short space of time. Toweel's recollection is brief: "I was caught by surprise. After the first blow, I can't remember anything."

Carruthers went on to successfully defend his world crown three times before becoming the first man ever to retire as an undefeated world champion. Sadly, he blotted his copybook when financial difficulties forced him out of retirement after a break of seven years. Carruthers won only two of his four comeback fights before he retired for good in 1962.

Alan Kippax and Hal Hooker score a world record 307 for last wicket.

A score of 300 or more runs by a Test or state cricket team is regarded as a good innings, and if the last two batsmen score 20 or so runs, the commentators go into raptures. Were there ever to be another last-wicket partnership anywhere near the 1928 effort by Alan Kippax and Hal Hooker, the broadcasters would surely suffer apoplexy.

Kippax and Hooker scored 307 runs in a match at the Melbourne Cricket Ground. Six decades later it is still a world record and will undoubtedly remain so. When he went into bat for NSW on Christmas Day,



Alan Kippax

1928, Hooker's only aim was to stay at the crease long enough to give his partner some valuable batting practice. NSW was in a hopeless position. Nine wickets had fallen for only 113 runs, in reply to Victoria's 376.

Unknown to any of his team-mates, Hooker was suffering from a blockage in his urinary tract and unable to pass water. Despite extreme discomfort, he stonewalled his way through the day and at stumps was 51 not out. At the other end Kippax had scored a glorious 221 not out. The New South Welshmen were still nine runs behind the Victorian total.

Hooker raced off to hospital at the end of the day's play to get his problem fixed, then rejoined Kippax the next morning. He was eventually out trying to hit bowler Ted a'Beckett out of the ground, caught by Victorian captain Jack Ryder for 62. Kippax remained 260 not out. Kippax, who employed Hooker in his Sydney sportstore, was furious. He had backed his team-mate to make a century.

Dawn Fraser wins three straight Olympic 100m freestyle gold medals.

Only twice in the history of the Olympic games has a sportsman or woman won the same event more than twice. American discus legend Al Oerter won four successive Olympic golds; and Australian Dawn Fraser took out the 100m freestyle at three straight Olympics. But for a ten-year ban imposed after her third success, she could well have equalled Oerter's record. Nevertheless, in these days where swimmers usually quit the pool before they're 20, it is certain that Fraser's extraordinary effort will never be topped.

All told, Fraser won four gold and four silver Olympic medals, as well as six Commonwealth Games gold medals. She

broke 27 individual world records and won 29 Australian Championship events.

Fraser won her first Olympic gold at Melbourne in 1956, beating team-mate Lorraine Crapp. Both swam inside the world record. In 1960, at Rome, she became the first woman swimmer in history to successfully defend the sprint title. But there were even bigger headlines a day after her victory when Fraser clashed with officials, refusing to swim the butterfly leg in a heat of the medley relay. It was not to be her last fight with officialdom.

A few months before the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, Fraser was involved in a car accident in which her mother was killed and she was severely injured. Yet, despite this trauma, she was able to triumph again in the 100m. However, after "souveniring" a flag from the Emperor's Palace, she was disqualified for ten years. Despite a public outcry the swimming authorities refused to change their decision. Even so, the Queen awarded Fraser an MBE.

When the 1968 Olympics were held in Mexico City, Dawn was just a spectator. She entered an exhibition race in the Olympic pool, her first competition for four years, and swam an easy 62 seconds — two seconds outside the winning time of

Dawn Fraser



10 RECORDS

60 seconds flat. But she had made a bet of \$100 that she could swim within half a second of the winning time. So later, in the same pool, she swam against the clock and came home in 60.2 seconds. With proper training, and the blessing of the authorities, she could certainly have made it four straight golds.

Arthur Coningham snares a wicket with his first ball in Test cricket.

Cricket allrounder Arthur Coningham was the first player ever to score a century for Queensland (151 against NSW during the 1893-94 season). But it is as a bowler that his greatest feat was achieved. Coningham played only one Test match. In doing so he set a record which may be equalled, but never beaten. Astonishingly, with his first delivery in the Test arena he took a wicket.

It was the Second Test, at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, against the touring 1884-85 England side. Coningham sent down the first ball of the match and the legendary Archie MacLaren snicked it into the safe hands of Harry Trott. Coningham finished the innings with the fine figures of 2-17. But then his luck deserted him. He managed only 0-59 when the Englishmen batted again and scored

only 10 and 3 in Australia's two innings. He was never chosen to play for Australia again.

A renowned larrikan, Coningham continued to occupy the limelight as a gambler and through a notorious divorce case. In 1899, he sued for divorce on the grounds of adultery, naming Father D. F. O'Haran, the administrator of St Mary's Cathedral in Sydney, as his wife's lover and claiming that the priest was the father of the youngest Coningham child. Evidence was given that Coningham could not have fathered the child because of an injury received from a cricket bat. The first trial ended in a hung jury and at a second, lost by Coningham, the cricketer was relieved of a revolver he carried into court. He eventually died in a mental hospital in Sydney.

Football's longest kicks — by Albert Thurgood and Dally Messenger.

The deeds of Essendon footballer Albert Thurgood have become somewhat clouded over time. He is credited with having made the longest kick in the history of Australian football: a boot of 107 yards, 2 feet and 1 inch (98.48m) at the East Melbourne ground in 1899. But these days, no-one seems to know whether it happened in a match or merely during a practice session.

What is certain is that in 1943, Fitzroy

star Fred Hughson kicked a ball during a match at Brunswick Street Oval a distance of 83 yards and 11 inches (76.17 metres) — which stands as the longest kick in the modern era. Still, Hughson's performance is probably a long way short of Thurgood's best efforts (he is also credited with kicks of 90.53 metres in Perth and 86.87 metres in Adelaide).

Rugby League has no worries about its record. The longest goal kicked was verified and earned a place in the *Guinness Book Of Records*. It was kicked by the legendary Sydney star Dally Messenger while touring Britain with the 1908 Kangaroos. At Hull, before the match against Yorkshire, Messenger took part in a goalkicking contest and, with a place kick, booted the ball 80 yards (73.15 metres) for a goal.

In the match against Hull on the same ground, Messenger also scored a field goal with a drop kick from his own 25-yard line. A contemporary report noted: "Quite a sensation was caused at Saturday's football match when Mr Messenger kicked the ball from the 75 yards mark, and scored a goal." Messenger took the kick from near the sideline so it's estimated that the actual distance kicked was more than 80 yards. It's impossible to imagine anyone landing a field goal from that sort of distance today.

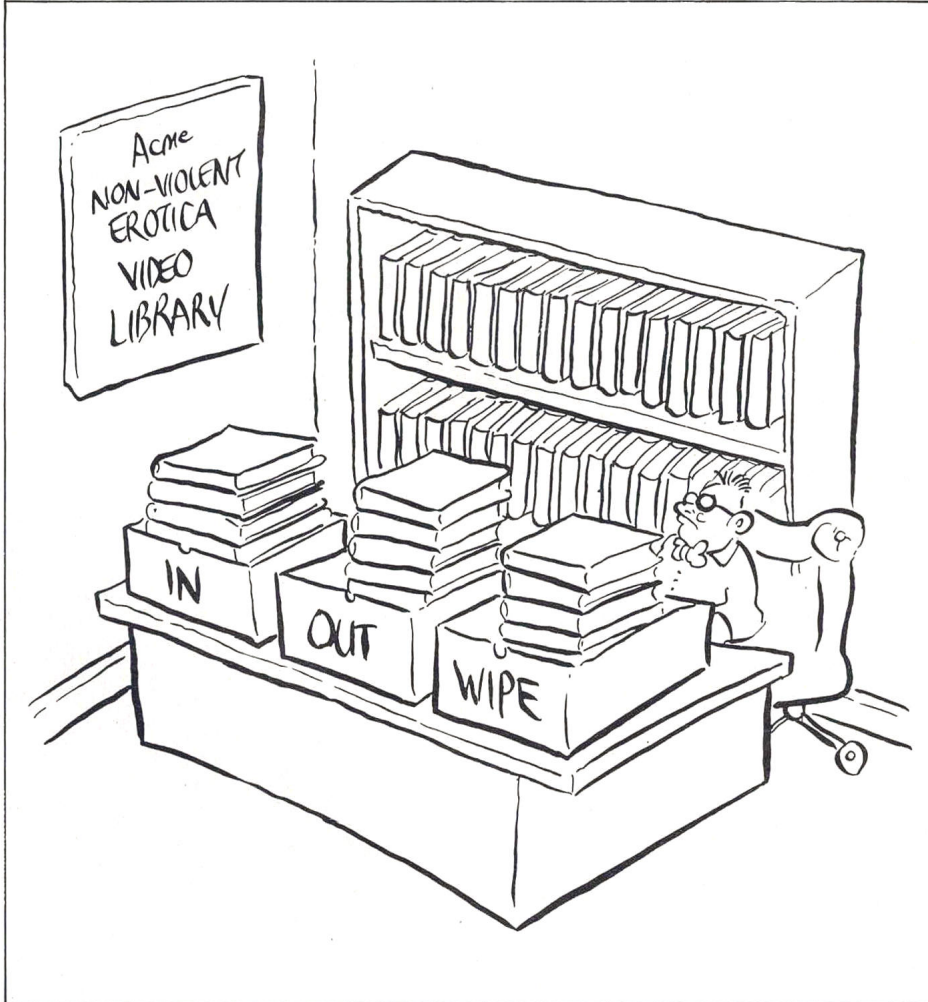
Every Australian swimmer and diver wins a medal at the 1966 Commonwealth Games.

In the Sixties Australian swimming was at its zenith, a fact graphically illustrated at the 1966 Commonwealth Games at Kingston, Jamaica. Australia sent a team of 25 swimmers and divers, and every single one of them won a medal. It is a feat unique in world swimming and in the current era, when so many more countries produce top swimmers, it's unlikely to be equalled. Australians won 30 medals in the pool (including 11 golds) and set nine world records.

The most successful was Peter Reynolds, who won four gold medals, three of them in world record time. His successes were in the 220 yards backstroke, 440 yards individual medley, the 4 by 220 yards freestyle relay (all world records), and the 110 yards backstroke. He was also a member of the Australian 4 x 110 yards medley relay team, which finished first, only to be disqualified for an incorrect change.

Sydney's Bob Windle was also involved in three world records — in the 440 yards freestyle and the two freestyle relays. Ian O'Brien retained the titles he had won four years earlier at Perth in the two breaststroke events — setting world best times in both. Mike Wenden won the 110 yards freestyle (and two relay golds) to begin a sequence of golds in the sprint

Continued on page 110



vanda

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Green and blue bikini by Just Add Water, (02) 319 2722; Blue and brown patterned chiffon sarongs by Symbols, (02) 699 7465; Clear crystal and lapis blue jewellery by Dope Le Cinque Boutique (02) 363 1048; Green necklace and crystal silver belt from Cash Palace, (02) 360 1565; Sheer white body stocking by Rod Alexander, (02) 958 6314; Special thanks to Keith Williams, Dale St George, Cameron Beattie, Foot Young, Max Althaus and John Reynolds for the use of their locations and an extra appreciation to Peter Komenda, our location co-ordinator.

• state of excitement



Vanda Mackenzie, 23, is an up-front Leo from Perth who loves life, loves people, loves the color red, loves to be outrageous. "I wouldn't have a clue what my measurements are," she laughs, "but I only have one body, so I like to make the most of it. I'll try anything once, though!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI





Vanda grew up in Perth and likes to live near the beach. Of Perth she says: "The people are friendly, the weather's fantastic in summer; I like the club scene and all the restaurants and tapas bars overlooking the water." Vanda enjoys "anything outdoors" — she plays squash and jogs along the beach every morning. She likes dogs, and once had a bull terrier called Floyd who was "absolutely beautiful."





Vanda is a registered nurse as well as an aerobics instructor. In the future, she says, she'd like to get more into the arts — communications and PR. In the meantime, though, she's heading for the US working as a fitness instructor for nine weeks in a children's camp. She'll also be running the infirmary. After that, she'll be off to Europe for the winter there. "I'm looking forward to a white Christmas and mulled wine and open fireplaces," she says.







GREY POWER

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

The combined ages of Allan Grice and Win Percy, the two gents who raced off with last year's Tooheys 1000 at Mount Panorama, was a mere 94. The first four placegetters in the 1990 Australian Touring Car Championship series were all in the over-40 club. The superstars of Australian motor racing are mainly thinning on top, or going grey (or using Grecian 2000 as a disguise).

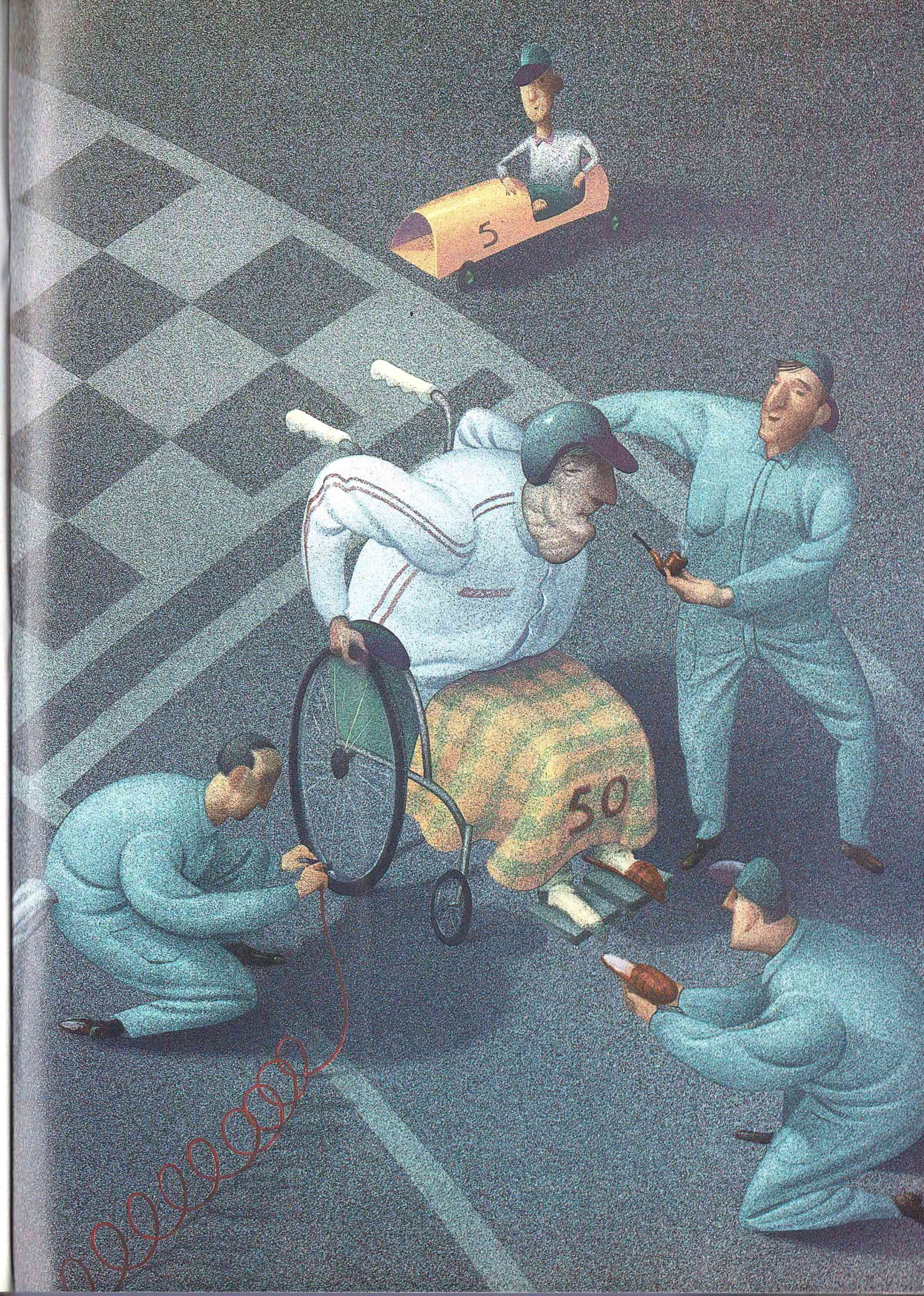
Flip through a motor racing magazine of 15-20 years ago and the familiar names are there — Peter Brock, Allan Moffat, Colin Bond, Dick Johnson, Allan Grice . . .

The sobering reality for Australian motor sport is that its biggest names are on the wrong side of 40. Moffat is 51, Bond 49,

Grice 48, Percy 47, Brock 46, Johnson 46, Alan Jones 44, Richards 43, Larry Perkins 41. While the sport is booming, with record crowds and zooming television ratings, there are some ominous danger signs. Research shows racetrack audiences are growing older, ageing along with the drivers. Another decade of the same and motor sport could consist of a small bunch of pensioners sitting around watching another small bunch of pensioners driving racing cars. Kids are not turning on to motor racing as much as in the past. The reason is plain. In the fluoro-splashed, rap-dancin' Nineties, they can't relate to men who could be their grandfathers.

Adolescents want teen dreams in 501s and Mambo and Doc Martens; instead they're offered wrinkles and cynicism wrapped in jersey wool. In no other major Australian

**You don't have
to be old and
grey to be a
touring car hero
in Australia —
but it helps**



GREY POWER

sport, except perhaps in lawn bowls, are its participants so obviously ancient. And while age in itself is no disgrace, and the over-40s have an army of supporters, youth is crying out for equality. The system, as it stands, is not producing the necessary understudies to the headliners. And the time is rapidly approaching when these household names will reluctantly put themselves out to pasture, leaving a massive void.

The paradox is that motor sport has never been as popular, nor as vulnerable. Currently fourth in the rankings of all Australian sports, it has outstripped the likes of rugby league, basketball and golf and has moved closer to the perennials — cricket, tennis and Australian football. Yet if faces the challenges of increasing environmental pressures, of being a high-cost business coming to terms with an economic recession, inner conflict and, most obviously, a bunch of stars who've in the main failed to groom any successors.

That the oldies will stay put for as long as humanly and economically possible is unwritten but taken for granted. The drug of speed is hard to shake; moreover, huge corporate racing budgets (often amounting to millions annually) are almost exclusively in the hands of these gents and they're not about to sever the conduit to a handy little earner.

Opportunities for young drivers are painfully limited, the tools of trade frighteningly expensive. A budding tennis player can tackle Ivan Lendl with equal equipment for \$1000; an up-and-coming water babe needs but a pair of Speedos; a footballer only has to fork out for boots, athletic support and liniment.

But the would-be Jim Richards faces an enormous financial impost. Even the cost of the driver's gear hits the hip pocket like a thunderclap; a good helmet is \$600, three-layer fireproof suit \$1000, gloves \$80, boots \$250. Now, the speed demon needs only a race car (anything from \$5000 to \$500,000) — plus something with which to tow or transport it — a workshop, and a crew. Running costs — fuel, tyres, engine rebuilds, brake pads, accident damage — can add plenty of noughts to the budget.

In theory the driver secures outside sponsorship to pay for his racing. This is certainly the case for the Peter Brocks and Dick Johnsons of Australian touring car racing. They have the racing record, the reputation, the high profile, and the experience to continue to win races. And winning is only the half of it. Mobil uses Brock in television commercials and as a roving ambassador. Ditto Shell with Johnson. In a corporate environment, Brock and Johnson et al are smooth operators. As well, they can get up and boogie in front of the TV cameras, or at a press conference.

Arguably the most intelligent, articulate group of sportspeople anywhere, they're media animals who usually know how and when to say the right thing.

An unworldly 21-year-old with the arse out of his overalls can't pull the sponsorship money to mount a serious challenge to the established teams. He might be a Brock in the making, but because he doesn't have the budget, he can't win the races, so no-one is prepared to give him money, so he can't win races... In any case, he's not media-aware and in all likelihood would go to pieces before a room full of company heavies. He's going nowhere slowly.

His only chance — a million-to-one shot — is to catch the eye of a benefactor or a big team with a preparedness to invest in youth. Few teams are prepared to take the gamble. Race cars are not cheap and some generous team bosses have been

stung badly by the experience. Moffat put Gregg Hansford and Lucio Cesario into a Mazda at Bathurst in 1982. Hansford confirmed his promise; Cesario rooted the car. Despite a 50 percent strike rate, Moffat has subsequently been in no hurry to again succumb to the temptation of putting youngsters behind the wheels of his precious cars. Bond, who has also had a nasty experience with Cesario, is now sticking with drivers with a proven record.

Not all the experiments with youngsters end so disastrously. Toyota's ambitious Star Search talent hunt in 1989 produced Neal Bates and Mike Dowson, drivers in their 20s who went on that year to win the under-1600cc class in the Tooheys 1000 at Bathurst. And Brock's gamble with the untried Neil Crompton paid off in 1987 and '88 when the ex-motocross champ proved to be fast and easy on equipment. But on other occasions Brock has found to his

dismay that giving a young bloke a chance can backfire. He has the bent panels and battered budget to show for it.

Crompton, a talented 30-year-old who has alternatively been helped and encouraged by an established star (Brock) and been stung by a prejudiced older driver, says he understands why established teams are hesitant to toss a \$300,000 race car to a young charger. The fact of the matter is that the old blokes (who test and drive all year) are astonishingly quick and in most cases the young drivers (who probably don't race regularly) get annoyed when they can't match their lap times. What can happen is the young driver tries too hard and ends up banging a wall.

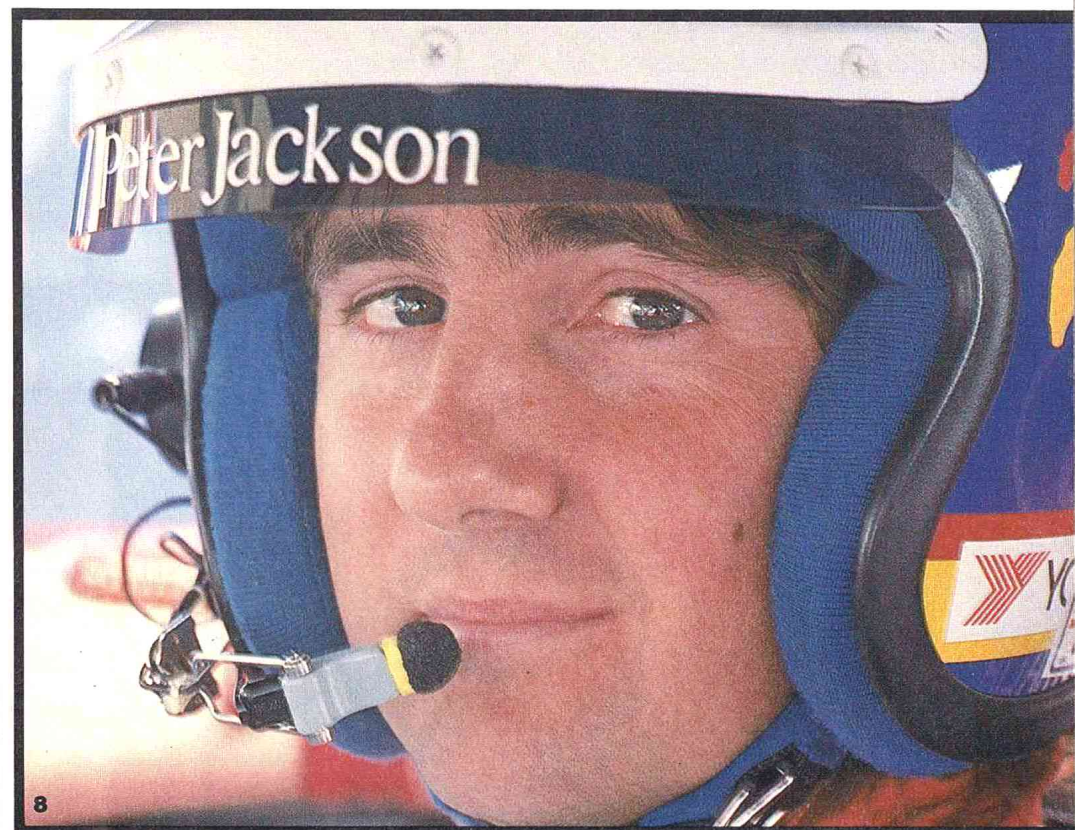
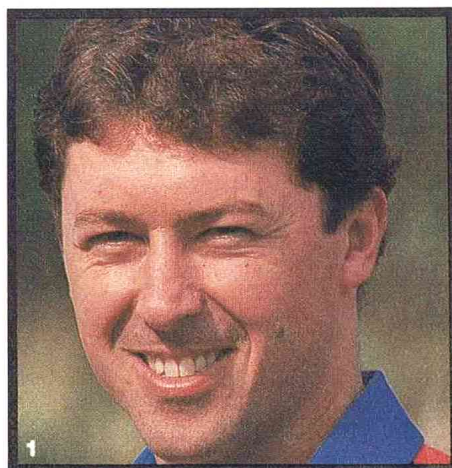
But, equally, Crompton believes a few of the veterans are going to some lengths to protect themselves from challengers. "Even the very talented young drivers can't be expected to go as fast as the

Brocks and Richards after a handful of laps. It's a Catch 22." Of the current veteran aces, Crompton says that no matter how smooth they are, and how quick they are, their ability to put bums on seats is diminishing. "Today's kids want idols closer to their own age, and they're not coming through the ranks. The sport will pay a huge price down the track."

Two years ago at a black-tie awards night in Melbourne, the then newly-crowned Australian Drivers' Champion, Rohan Onslow, aged 23, rashly highlighted the problem of limited opportunities facing young racers. Pointing to the greying touring car fraternity, Onslow, who had battled through to the championship on a small budget, said: "I wish some of these old blokes would hurry up and fall off the perch and give us young drivers a go." While Onslow's frustration was understandable, the audience of mainly

old blokes didn't enjoy being told by a young shaver that it was time to pack it in. Ironically, Onslow's international aspirations in formula car racing have remained maddeningly unfulfilled while, locally, he has been given a break driving for businessman Bob Forbes' well-drilled GIO Commodore team.

Nissan Motorsport boss Fred Gibson, Bathurst winner in 1967 and contemporary of Allan Moffat, is an unabashed supporter of a youth policy. He doesn't mind publicly tweaking Moffat's nose over his unwillingness to abdicate in favor of a young gun. It was Gibson who plucked Glenn Seton out of a cheap sports sedan and helped him to within a gnat's dick of the touring car crown in 1987. When Seton, today still only 26 and the youngest touring car regular to tap the big corporate bucks, departed Nissan to create his own Ford team, Gibson gave a chance to the even



The heirs apparent:
1. Rohan Onslow; 2. Mark McLaughlin; 3. Brad Jones; 4. Mark Skaife; 5. Mark Larkham; 6. Simon Kane; 7. Mark Poole; 8. Glen Seton; 9. Russell Ingall.

GREY POWER

younger Mark Skaife, hardly out of his teens.

Still, Gibson hedged his bets by signing the best touring car driver in the nation, triple Australian champ Jim Richards, to guide and partner Skaife. The association has had its moments to savor; they combined to win the Sandown 500 in '89. But Skaife destroyed a \$500,000 GT-R in a qualifying inversion in Adelaide last November. Gibson, whose faith in the exuberant Skaife remains undiminished, says he expects a young driver will make the odd mistake during his formative years: "Mark is extremely quick — as fast as Jimmy on a given lap — but now we have to work on knocking off the rough edges, to add smoothness and consistency. Then we'll have one helluva driver."

There is no finishing school for young race drivers, no university course other than the School of Hard Knocks. Putting wisdom and experience into a young head is therefore a matter of time and money. Philanthropy is not found in abundance among Australia's prominent race teams. For every Fred Gibson there are a dozen managers not prepared to take a risk. Of course, not every team has a budget the size of Gibson's. Those who do are reluctant to chance any of the money on a greenhorn.

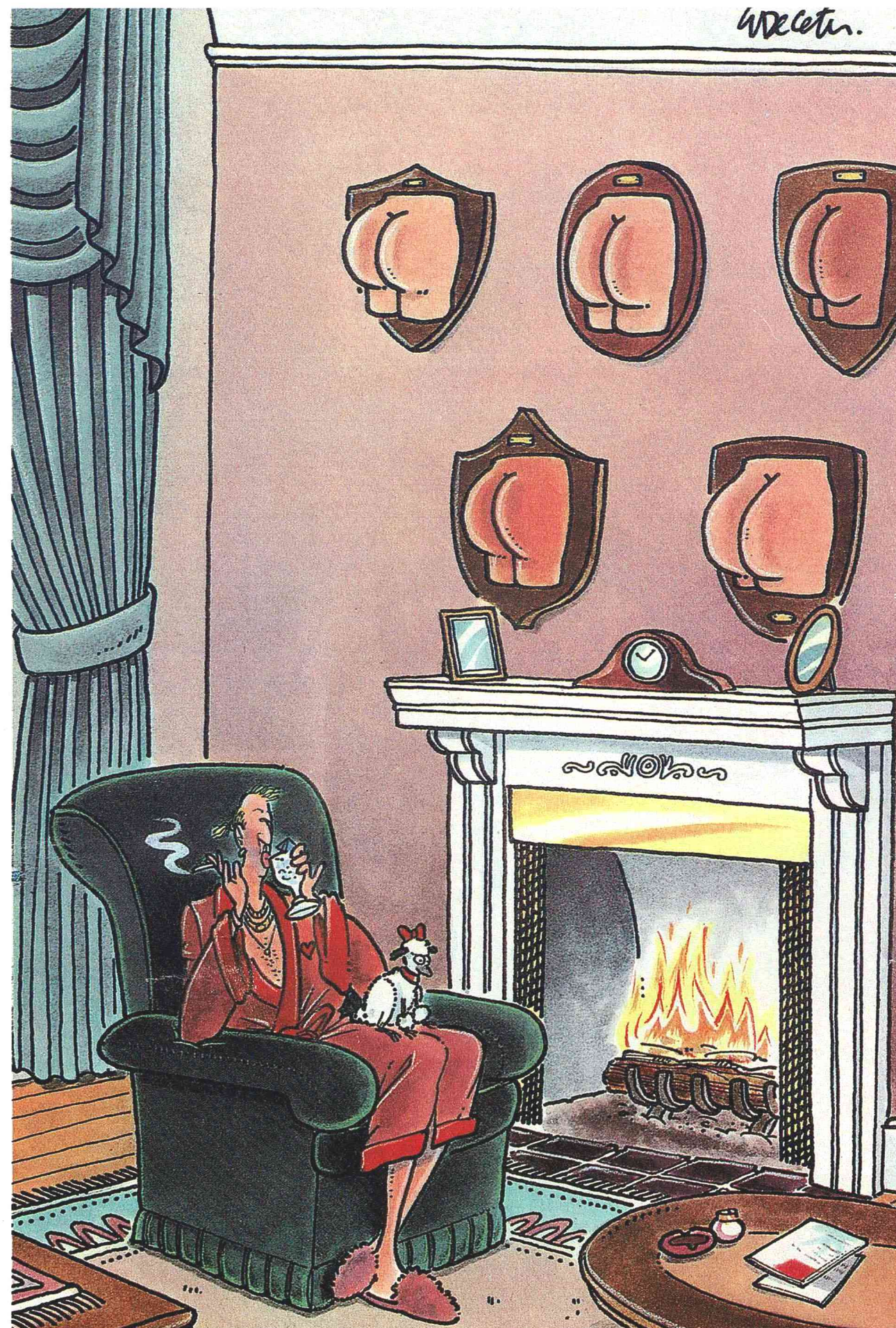
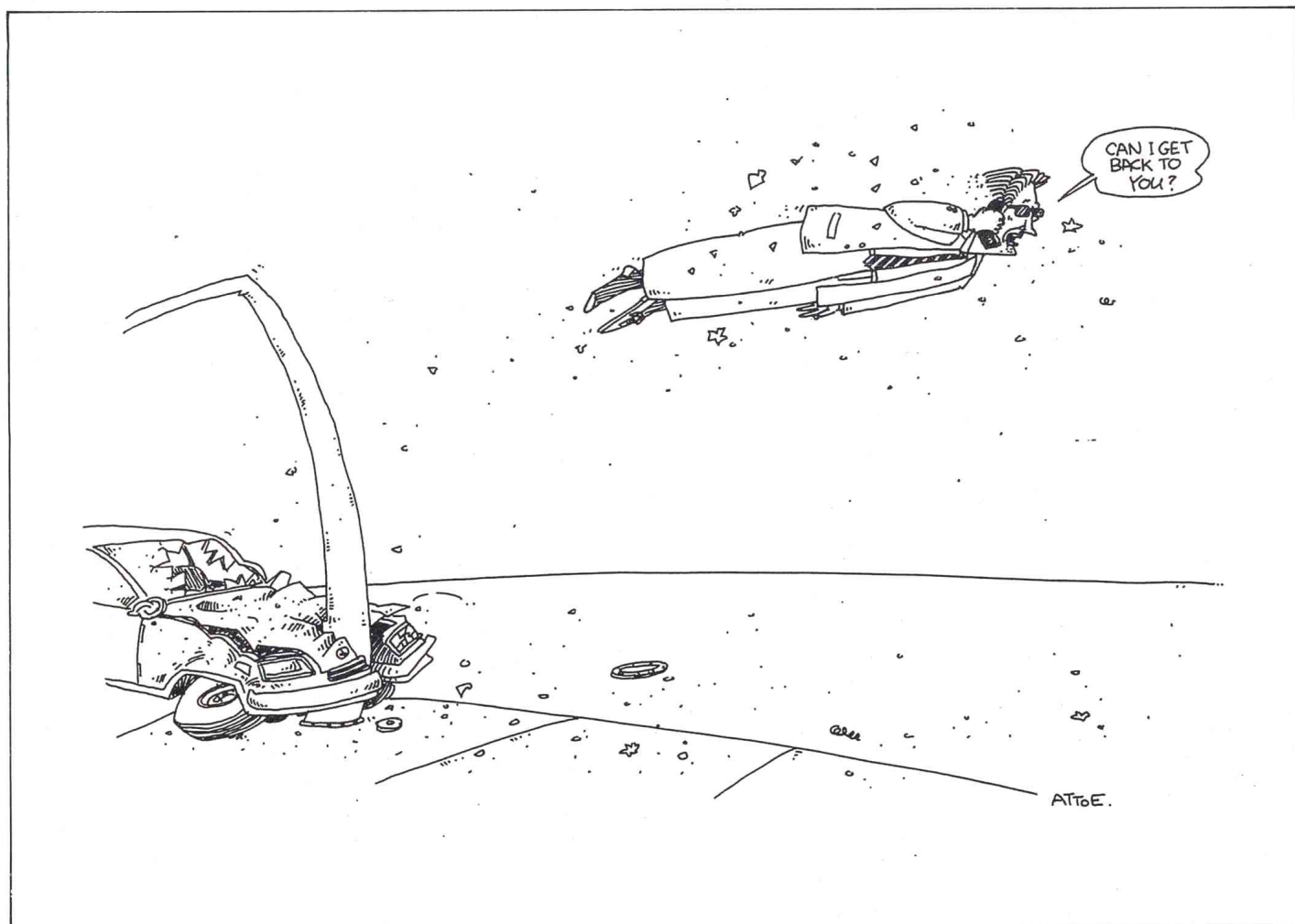
Seton and Skaife, the two who were given their big breaks and made the most of them, should be around for many years in the top echelon. Of the rest of the 30-and-unders, Crompton measures up as the best all-round package, on and off the track. He proved in 1988, when with the Mobil BMW squad, that he wasn't far from the pace of Richards and Brock, the best couple of drivers in the nation. As well, the hip highly-motivated lateral thinker relates well to kids, is a sensational media performer and can keep a tent full of business people entertained. It makes his shabby treatment at the hands of Holden last year even harder to understand. Perhaps his very competence has also been his greatest handicap; in the eyes of some, he poses a threat to their motor racing future. With limited opportunities in Australia, Crompton has been eyeing the United States. It will be a tragedy if Australia loses him.

Brad Jones is another 30-year-old with an abundance of ability and charm. Unfortunately, Jones, who splits his racing between AUSCAR at Bob Jane's Thunderdome and touring cars, may fall victim to motor sporting politics. Several months ago, Jane split from traditional racing controlled by the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport, leaving Jones with the dilemma of making a hard choice between oval racing, where he has been dominant, and the uncertainty of tourers.

Another brat-packer likely to cut it in touring cars is 29-year-old Mark Larkham, the former Formula Ford whiz now trying to nail down a niche in the tin-tops. The personable, extroverted Larkham impressed during his production car debut in the Winton 300 late last year, qualifying a Ford Falcon on the front row. Current Australian Drivers' Champion, the dedicated Simon Kane, 22, is more interested in chasing a career in open wheelers in Europe than in domestic racing. Good-looking girl bait Paul Stokell, 22, perhaps possessing more natural talent and more tiger than the reserved Kane but lacking the advantage of a parental scholarship, will drive anything anywhere. He has ambitions to get into Formula One but realises the difficulties.

Last year's Formula Ford champ Russell Ingall, 28, has shone in sporadic touring car outings with Forbes GIO team and has a chance to go on to brighter things. Open wheeler drivers Mark Poole and Mark McLaughlin have revealed enough speed and commonsense in Formula Holden to suggest they too could cut it in tourers, the only category in Australian motor sport to pull the big corporate dollars.

Sadly, most of the stars-in-waiting lack the two prerequisites so necessary in Australia — patience and opportunity. For them, the worst case scenario must be Moffat, Brock and Johnson still racing happily at 60. 



Romancing the bride

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER



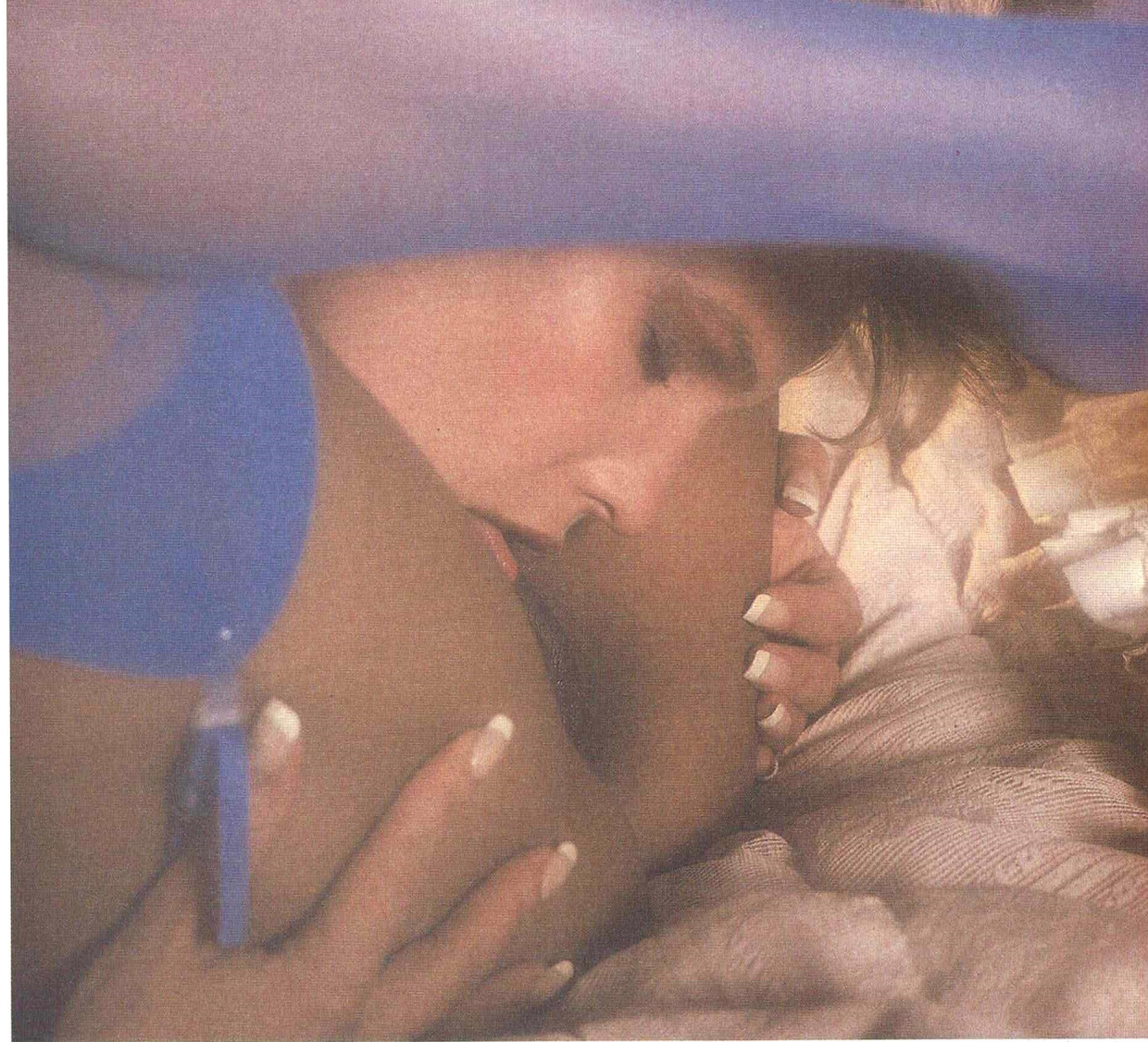
Ann Marie took her walk up the aisle on a glorious sun-dappled spring day. Jenna, her most intimate friend, was her maid of honor. With the ceremony concluded and the guests at the buffet table, Jenna seductively beckoned her newly married friend to a private spot. "I want to give you a wedding present," she cooed.





The handsome groom, well aware of his new wife's proclivities, hung back in the shadows, watching discreetly. He knew that after returning from the honeymoon, he would introduce a masculine presence to this duet of femininity. "May I kiss the bride?" Jenna coyly inquired. "Of course," Ann Marie answered, moving closer.

The rustling of tafeta and lace as the accompaniment to the soft cries of the radiant bride and her attendant. "Here comes the bride," gasped Ann Marie, her voice breaking, her flesh quivering. One last lingering kiss and then it was time to fall into the arms of her husband. But she would always save the last dance for Jenna . . .



TOOHEYS 1000

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!



PENTHOUSE READERS' COMPETITION



WIN

A VIP weekend at the Tooheys 1000

There is a certain mystique about Bathurst and its annual touring car race; it is an aura that springs not just from one of the most majestic race tracks in the world. It is the city itself, the race drivers, the crowds who are drawn to The Mountain each NSW Labour Day Weekend, the failures, the triumphs and the challenge.

The arena of Australia's most exciting and daunting enduro, the Tooheys 1000, started life as a simple dirt track winding its way up to the top of a mountain known as Bald Hills. Ostensibly its purpose was to provide a scenic view of the historic town of Bathurst, but right from the early days of this century, what is now the hallowed Mount Panorama Circuit was just made for speed.

The circuit itself has always been a public road, 3.8 miles or 6.17 kms around until 1987, when it was extended to 6.21 kms. The ever-present danger of one of the world's most thrilling mountain race tracks has been gradually filtered down with safety modifications, without which the daring speeds and manoeuvres of today's Bathurst race kings would spell certain death. But none of these modifications can change the character of the place, nor have

they dissipated the desire burning in the hearts of Australia's motor racing drivers. Drivers from every category in Australian racing eagerly grab at the opportunity to do the race once — and once bitten, most just have to go back to The Mountain.



Tooheys' commitment to the Tooheys 1000 is indicative of the brewery's support of Australian sport in general — a level of support unchallenged as the most substantial by any company in NSW. The 1991 Tooheys 1000 is the fourth year of Tooheys' sponsorship of The Great Race, and the 32nd running of the event since its inception in 1960 at Phillip Island. The outright winners in those 32 years are well known. Peter Brock has shared nine, Allan Moffat, Bob Jane and Harry Firth four, Jim Richards

Tooheys and *Australian Penthouse* this month offer motor racing fans the chance to experience all the action, color and excitement of the prestigious Tooheys 1000 in the grandest VIP style. For you and a friend, this champagne and adrenalin prize starts with VIP transport to Sydney for an early morning flight to Orange. There, a stretch limousine will convey you to the renowned and historic Duntryleague Country Club for the first of two nights' all-inclusive stay in a spacious private suite. On the morning of The Great Race you'll be whisked by helicopter to the Mount Panorama Circuit to view the showdown in style from the Tooheys trackside VIP box, sipping ice-cold Tooheys and enjoying a sumptuous lunch as the action unfolds before you. In addition, ten runners-up will receive official Tooheys 1000 race jackets. For your chance to let Tooheys turn it all on for you, scan the information contained on these pages, fill in the coupon and send it to the address overleaf. But hurry, entries close on Friday, September 27.

TOOHEYS 1000

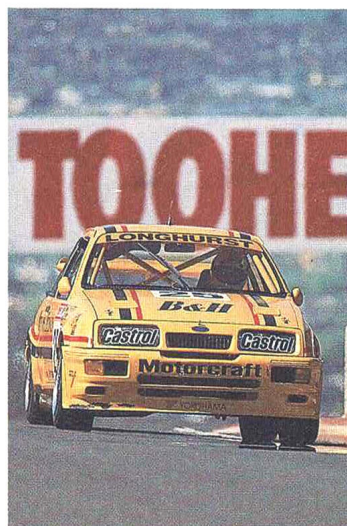
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

and Larry Perkins three, and Dick Johnson two.

Just who will take the honors at this year's enduro is anyone's guess; the 35,000 or so fans who'll flock to Bathurst come October 6 know that The Mountain doesn't play easy favorites. It's anyone's race, and Tooheys wants you to be there trackside to witness this mother of all battles in style.

An integral part of the VIP experience will be the Duntryleague Country Club, where the winning pair will spend two nights. Duntryleague is a grand mansion built in 1876 by leading Orange citizen James Dalton. Since 1935, the elegant manor house, set amid manicured lawns and landscaped gardens, has been home to the Orange Golf Club. The Duntryleague facilities comprise a renowned 18-hole golf course, large practice fairway, four tennis courts, plus half court tennis. The winners may use all facilities during their stay. Duntryleague also boasts a resident golf pro and a superb a la carte restaurant.

For your chance to



experience the country pleasures of Duntryleague firsthand, and to thrill to Australia's most exciting production car race in VIP comfort, fill in the coupon on this page, answering the three questions based on the information contained on this and the previous page. And we stress that you do it quickly, as entries close on Friday, September 27. The contest will be drawn on Monday, September 29, and the winner will be contacted by telephone on that day.

WIN

A VIP weekend at the Tooheys 1000



CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one entry per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families.

Closing date for entries is late mail on Friday, September 27, 1991. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue in the Loose Ends section. One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant will be the winner. Ten additional runner-up entries will be drawn. Those entrants will receive a Tooheys 1000 race jacket. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest, the editors' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions. The winner of the competition will be notified by telephone or certified mail.

The promoters, Tooheys and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance or anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the *Australian Penthouse*/Tooheys 1000 Competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse*/Tooheys 1000 Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to each question can be found on these pages. Entries close Friday, September 27, 1991.

1 How many years have Tooheys sponsored the race at Mount Panorama?

2. Which race driver has shared the most outright wins at Bathurst?

3. What historic mansion houses the Orange Golf Club?

Name: _____

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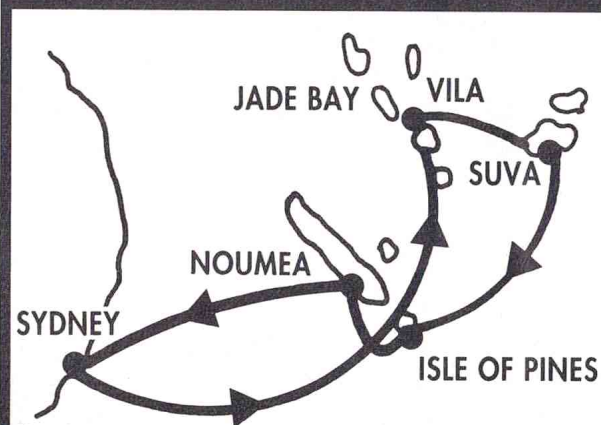
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1. The competition is open only to Australian residents taking out or renewing a subscription before last mail or 5 p.m. on 29.11.91. Entries received after the closing date will not be included. Employees or the immediate families of Horwitz Grahame Pty Ltd., Starlauro Cruises and their advertising agencies are ineligible to enter.
2. South Australian residents need not take out or renew a subscription to enter but may enter once by sending a hand drawn facsimile of a coupon with their name and address to Australian Penthouse P.O. Box 32 Cammeray, N.S.W. 2062.
3. The prize is not exchangeable and may not be converted to cash.
4. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. Description of the competition and instructions on how to enter form a part of the competition conditions.
6. The competition commences 09.09.91 and closes last mail on 29.11.91. The draw will take place in offices of Australian Penthouse on 04.12.91 and the winner will be notified by mail. The winner will also be announced in a later issue of Australian Penthouse in the Loose Ends section.
7. The prize is a 12 night, 4 port cruise for two on the Achille Lauro "Pleasure Islands Cruise" departing Sydney Mon. 24th February 1992, accommodation inside twin cabin on main deck and includes all meals. The prize excludes transfers to and from Sydney, any beverages, activities not part of the Achille Lauro package, costs incurred whilst in port and travel insurance. Total value of prize \$2,820.00.
8. The promoter is P.H. Editorial Services, 506 Miller St., Cammeray, N.S.W., 2062. N.S.W. Permit No TC91/. ACT Permit No: TP91/. VIC Permit No: 91/. NT Permit No: NT/91.

SUICIDE CITY

Continued from page 30

"Mechais." Thailand's family planning association even runs an excellent restaurant just off the Sukhumvit tourist strip called Cabbages And Condoms, where you can buy rubbers as easily as *tom yam goong* soup and green duck curry.

Now Mechais is urging Bangkok's working girls to insist their customers use condoms. He is supported by a 2000-strong prostitutes' collective named Empower, which once or twice a year is allowed to take over a bar to stage its own show with a message. A couple of years back, Empower used to highlight the rural poverty which forces so many Patpong girls into prostitution. The shows were powerful enough to reduce even hardened libertines to tears. Now they're aimed at AIDS education and condom use.

Of course, poverty remains at the root of the problem. Most of the girls work to send money back to their impoverished families. It's a desperate business. In most bars these days there are more girls than customers. Some bars sack their girls if they don't generate a sufficient amount in "bar fines" — the price, usually about \$15, a customer pays to buy out a girl for sex. Wages are negligible and if a customer buys a girl a drink, her commission is usually a mere 15 baht (75 cents). If she's lucky enough to get a customer, she certainly won't chance rejection by insisting he wears a condom.

Recently, the Australian Government donated \$150,000 to fight the AIDS epidemic. But it has yet to take up Professor Dwyer's call for an AIDS warning to Australians travel-

ling to Thailand and the Philippines. And, amazingly, Australians still come back for more. Then, filled with remorse and fear, they return to their wives and girlfriends, slipping out on the sly to take the AIDS test they hope will relieve their worst fears.

"You should see the number of blokes who come here almost straight from the airport asking to be tested," one STD clinic worker told *Penthouse*. "And you should see their faces when we tell them they have to wait three months before we can give them a worthwhile test."

All of which is a far cry from the days when Thailand was paradise for the single, amoral male.

Despite claims to the contrary, it wasn't the Vietnam War that turned the country into a giant whorehouse. A long tradition of concubinage existed before Westerners came on the scene — as evidenced by the many wives and children of the 19th Century King Rama IV, immortalised in *The King And I*.

Towns far from the tourist track or former American bases boast an astonishing number of massage parlors and "short-time" hotels. Indeed, the Chao Phya Number 2 massage parlor in Sri Ayutthaya Road, Bangkok, boasts that it is the largest whorehouse in the world. It's a long way from the Western-oriented red light areas of Patpong and Soi Cowboy, and its clientele is almost exclusively Thai. Similarly, one of its main rivals, a large, windowless and discreetly signed building just a block from the Australian Embassy, has plenty of local custom and makes no attempt to tap the well-heeled diplomatic trade.

The kingdom of Thailand contains anything up to 500,000 prostitutes. By Western standards they're extraordinarily beautiful

and remarkably cheap. Buy them a \$3 drink in a bar and they will sit and joke with you at length. With a bit of bargaining on a quiet night you can line up a three-hour "short-time" session for \$15. All night will cost twice that amount — rarely more than \$50. When you ask how much, the standard reply is: "Up to you, Mista." And unlike their Western counterparts, Thai whores go to extraordinary lengths to pretend they're enjoying themselves. Asia hands claim they're the best orgasm fakers in the world.

Not surprisingly, Western visitors have embraced Thai habits with a vengeance. From the Sixties on, the two parallel Patpong Roads — built and owned by a respected Thai Chinese businessman named Udom Patpong — became a booming nightlife area for foreigners. And it was not just Mr Patpong who made a fortune. A bar girl called Ladda graduated from hawking her arse to running her own bars. Today she is a respected businesswoman who presides over a huge country club on the road to Pattaya.

US air force veteran Rick Menard opened the then-unique Grand Prix go-go bar in 1969. His watering hole became a famed meeting place for journalists, diplomats and other low-life. Two plaques on the wall marking the bar's 10th and 20th anniversaries read like a *Who's Who* of Asia hands.

But although Patpong retains its popularity with Australians, a subtle change has been happening. These days the expats tend to stick to their own bars, where they know the proprietors and the girls. Places such as the Crown Royal in Patpong II and the Madrid in Patpong I do not tout for the tourist dollar in case they also attract the AIDS virus. Recently, patrons of another popular bar were unpleasantly surprised when the place started advertising in the *Bangkok Post*. Regulars, realising the dangers of Bangkok, Chiang Mai and Pattaya, are now looking for opportunities to visit the places where tourists don't.

The Crown Massage Parlor in the Kosa Hotel in the university city of Khon Kaen isn't the biggest whorehouse in Thailand. But many expatriates in Thailand reckon the Khon Kaen establishment has by far the best-looking girls, and they're prepared to travel 500 kms from Bangkok to try them out.

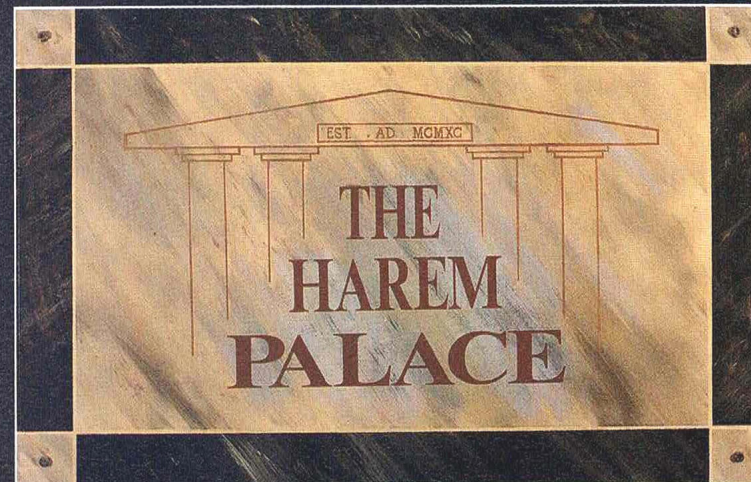
When I visited the Crown the other week, there were perhaps 30 girls with numbers on their chests sitting behind a huge plate glass window. Such massage parlors are known colloquially as "fishbowls" and are most prevalent in the north-eastern cities where the Americans built the bases from which B-52 bombers used to pound Hanoi during the Vietnam War. (In Thailand's second-largest city, Khorat, also known as Nakhon Ratchasima, a 250km drive from Bangkok, the tourist office kindly marks the fishbowls on its English-language city map, enabling the visitor to arrange his own brothel crawl.)

Continued on page 128

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advisor

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Smell wise

I like to wash before having sex so that I feel clean when my boyfriend goes down. However he says he prefers it if I don't wash — he likes the smell. After a day in the office, it isn't all roses, and I find this quite embarrassing.

It's often quite difficult for women to come to terms with that fact that someone may enjoy something we've been at pains to conceal for years — ie, smell. We live in a world of manufactured, mass-produced smells (especially in the city) — deodorant, perfume, after-shave, air freshener, foot freshener, etc, etc. We're used to being scrubbed up, hosed down, sprayed and sanitised.

All the same, smell is a big turn-on for a lot of men, and many prefer a woman's natural scent, even if it's quite pungent, to the smell of soap. If your boyfriend's made the effort to tell you about his preference, why not humor him? If he likes it and it turns him on, let him loose and relax. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. It's a smell that will have good associations for him.

Good vibrations

Are vibrators bad for you? I've heard that if you use them too much, they make you sterile because they rattle the ovaries. Can you get electric shocks from them? Where can they be bought?

No, vibrators aren't bad for you at all. I don't know where you got the "sterile" story from, but it's a good one! It's also not true.

You can use vibrators as often as you like, and masturbate as often as you like. Far from being detrimental, orgasms are good for you.

Like any appliance, vibrators are designed for safe usage and definitely should not give you shocks. They can be bought at sex shops or by mail order.



Rubber

I'm not sure whether it's normal, but I get turned on by rubber. The most incredible thing I can think of is my girlfriend in a full wet suit with holes cut for her tits and arse and fanny. I actually bought her one and she's worn it once or twice but she says it's uncomfortable and too hot. I don't want her to wear it all the time, but for treats.

It probably would be uncomfortable — wetsuits are designed to insulate the body and your girlfriend could get pretty warm in there. What about a wetsuit that is just vest and shorts? It might not be as hot or constrictive as a full one.

To answer your first question, it's quite normal to be turned on by different sorts of clothing. The classic ones are silk and lace, but a surprising number of people are into rubber.

Faking it

I wasn't sure at first, but I'm almost certain my new girlfriend is faking it. I really like her and want the relationship to last, but I've no idea how to broach the subject with her. I'm worried that she might be offended at having been caught out. Of course I also want to satisfy her and make sure she enjoys our fucking as much as I do. Where do I start?

Few people like to be caught fibbing, whether with their bodies or verbally, so a direct approach might not be the go. Start by being reassuring, but also by being careful not to pressure her for orgasms. Tell her to lie back and relax and explore

every inch of her body, looking for what she likes most. Then concentrate on those bits. Take your time, and let her take hers. A lot of men are unaware that on average, it takes more than ten minutes (sometimes much more) of clitoral stimulation to bring on orgasm. It rarely happens in the first five seconds.

Communicate with her. Tell her you've heard there are different ways to come, and how about trying them out? This might give her a face-saving way to alter her behavior.

Be aware, also, that some women just don't come. It's worth finding out if she masturbates and can make herself come. If she does, persevere. If she doesn't, well, she may not want you to know that.

Sex and the older man

I am a 74-year-old man and I have always led an unusually active sex life. I have been divorced for eight years now, and have had very little association with other women since then. I have kept myself happy with sexual fantasies, reading and pictorial erotica. I still get two or three erections a night.

The problem is that it takes me much longer to climax now, and sometimes I lose my erection in the process. If I do have an orgasm it's mild, with very little ejaculate and hardly seems worth the effort.

I am aware that there are older men who maintain their sex drives at a peak, and so am wondering if there is something wrong with me. I may not be out dating, but I'm not quite ready to go into shut-down yet.

The sexual responses you describe are normal for a man of your age. A great many — though not all — older men have diminished sex drives by the time they get into their 70s. It takes longer for them to masturbate to orgasm, they lose their erections more often while masturbating and they frequently have a small amount of ejaculate, especially if masturbating often.

All these things are quite normal. It seems that you have a greater desire for sex than many men of your age. You might maintain an erection better and come more intensely if you cut down on your

masturbation. Also, a greater association with women whom you find attractive might increase your desire and responses.

Group sex

My wife and I are newly married and in our 20s. We are interested in group sex. We've been to a couples club and watched, but haven't yet joined in.

What we want to know is this: is group sex likely to harm our marriage? Have there been any studies done about this? Can outside partners cause someone in the marriage to lose interest in their spouse? We want the fullest in sexual pleasure without damaging our relationship.

Every marriage is different, and what's good for one is bad for another. Studies done in the US show that group sex is not necessarily harmful to a marriage. However, we've had plenty of letters written to us here bemoaning the change in a relationship after several months of group sex. It depends on whether both partners are equally keen; what the general health of your marriage is, whether communication remains open once you invite others in and whether you are emotionally mature enough to handle the difficult bits which result when you share your intimacy with others.

You might have a think about these aspects first, and make sure you know what each feels about it and especially where each partner feels vulnerable or insecure. Then, like anything new, you might give it a trial run. Once you've done that, sit down and discuss it again to see how it feels. If it's OK, then off you go. It's an idea to make each encounter a separate one which you evaluate afterwards. In that way, if things start to go off key, you have a chance to deal with it before any permanent damage is done.

One of the herd

I don't want to hear about all my girlfriend's past lovers and how good they were. I think she's just trying to be frank and open, but knowing that I'm Number 234 turns me off. Some of them are so recent that they still call her up. She says she's changed, and that she doesn't want to sleep around any more and that she just wants me. But I go away a lot and can't help wondering what she does when I'm out of town. She's always out at night. She

keeps a big box of Durex in her drawer, but we don't use condoms.

Five or six bunches of flowers were sent to her for her birthday last month, and only one of them was from me. When I expressed interest about the others, she just shrugged and smiled. Maybe I'm old fashioned, but if I'm sleeping with someone I'd like the relationship to be mutually exclusive. At the moment I feel as though I'm one of the herd.

Maybe you are, in which case you need to seek out somebody who's more your type, ie, somebody who's happy in a one-on-one relationship. Perhaps your girlfriend slept with all those men because she was looking for Mr Right, and now she thinks she's found him — you. Maybe she really has changed. Maybe telling you about her past loves is her way of telling you that you're the best, ie, she loves you.

All the same, she's been pretty active,

around, what risk is there for you? You need to sit down and have a good talk to her, and if things don't improve, you might want to weigh up what the relationship is really worth to you.

Muddy waters

I'm an unmarried executive at a city bank. Recently one of our new clerks has been giving me what appears to be a come-on. She wears tight, low-cut tops and bends over my desk a lot. She's even flashed me several times. I don't know whether this was intentional or not. I'm very attracted but scared to approach her. What if she accuses me of sexual harassment?

You may be reading more into her actions than she intends to say. And if you approach her, she might then slap a harassment charge on you.

On the other hand, she might be sending you exactly the signals you think you're



and the fact that she's been counting them suggests that she might be notching these guys up as conquests. In which case, it might be a pattern that's hard to break. The attention of many men, the flowers and the competition (and your insecurity) might all serve to bump up her ego. Unless you are into similar games, you probably stand to get hurt.

The other thing is, you also stand to get infected. She may have a big box of Durex in her drawer, but did she use condoms with all those men? Who is she keeping them for, if you don't use them when you're together? If she's still sleeping

getting. But you know the old saying about shitting on your own doorstep. What sort of policy does your bank have towards intimate relations between employees?

How easy will it be to maintain a professional relationship if you start something with her and it doesn't work out? What can you lose and gain by a relationship with her? Are there other women around who would give you as much satisfaction but are more safe to approach? If there are, choose them. If it has to be her, weigh up all the aspects very carefully before making a move. And then, don't make any move at work. Call her at home. ☎



(OWHANDS' (ARNIVAL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY

It was the morning after the annual Cowhands' Carnival at the Lone Steer Club. There had been a wild party the night before, and Clarissa, a waitress, had been detailed for clean-up duty. She didn't feel like it, and was pleased when Ben, a rancher's son, wandered in looking for coffee.



Chatting to Clarissa, Ben found himself getting hornier than a springtime steer. Clarissa had fancied Ben for a while, but never expected him to look her way, so she decided to make the most of the opportunity. "I'm ready for anything, pardner," she breathed. "So am I," grinned Ben.







"One or two people were quite shocked when I told them I was doing erotic stuff," smiles Candy. "They pointed out that since I already have a job, I don't have to do this. What they don't understand is that I like doing it. It gives me a huge kick to see myself in print."







Candy says she'd like to go on to make erotic movies. "Hey, look," she says, "I don't have any problem with sex and sexuality. I see it as something natural that's there to be enjoyed. If people get into a tizzy about it, then they're just revealing their own limitations."





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who dares?

Continued from page 40

fucking irate cows.

"There's a Landrover, though, only about a kilometre from here," he added. He gave us directions and we headed off. Three kilometres later we arrived to find a single supervisor sitting next to a wheel-less Landrover. It was late afternoon, so we decided to rewheel the vehicle and drive to the truck, which was now supposedly waiting for us at another destination. Putting the wheels on the Landrover required resourceful thinking combined with back-breaking effort.

A Ranger known as "Donkey Dick" or "Donk" was losing it. The transparent web of lies unfolding before him was disturbing him deeply. He became short-tempered and ultimately aggressive. After the Landrover was fixed he tried to start it. It didn't start — no petrol. I should have known. We couldn't leave it for the "unfriendlies", so we'd have to push it, the supervisor informed us. Donk, in a burst of fury, bashed the Landrover with his riflebutt and began swearing at it. He took two steps back and began firing his rifle at it. Despite the fact that the rifle was loaded with blanks, everyone (except the supervisor) dived to the ground. Donk finished his outburst and asked to be withdrawn. Soon enough a fully serviceable Landrover appeared and Donk was gone. That left only five Rangers to push the thing.

We pushed it all night, and at dawn finally made it to a large open field filled with

trucks. Maybe this was it? We were given water and set up camp. I had reached the second watch, which meant I had to get up in an hour — not a pleasant thought after 48 hours without sleep.

"Get the fuck up!" Gunfire. Explosions. I awoke to absolute mayhem. I grabbed my pack and webbing and ran for cover. I crouched and aimed into darkness. Our supervisor told us the area was no longer secure and we had to move north. We marched towards the co-ordinates given. I checked my watch. I had been asleep for 20 minutes. After about two hours of marching I casually enquired about rations. "At the next rendezvous," I was told. Pig's arse.

We marched all that day and into the night. At this point we hadn't slept for 70 or so hours. I was given the point and told to look out for "unfriendlies." I staggered through the scrub, occasionally making a token effort at arcing my rifle. I walked straight past another supervisor sitting under the cover of a tent. Beside him was a large trailer with one wheel. With typical army originality, we were told to get the trailer from point A to point B in C hours — C being accurately calculated to fall just short of the time it takes a team of fresh Olympic athletes to achieve the task.

Halfway through the exercise I saw another Ranger wander into the bush for a leak. When he thought he was out of sight, he placed his arm in a tree stump and jerked it back sharply. He grimaced and walked back towards the patrol. Halfway back, he fell and began to scream in pain. No-one believed it was legitimate; in fact, no-one even cared. The ambulance took

him away. Four left to carry the trailer.

The days began to meld into the nights. I began to confuse sunrise and sunset. Patrolling was a blind stagger through the scrub. Sometimes we would sleep only to be woken minutes later to some manufactured emergency. The food was always "at the next rendezvous" and the end was never in sight. My state of mind was questionable. Fatigue mixed with hunger created a curious euphoria. My resolve was fluctuating; passing the course seemed less important. I began to question my motives. Did I actually want to be a member of the SAS, or did I simply want the glory that comes with belonging to any elite?

What seemed like a week later, we were told to move a series of poles, tyres and tarps to a "secret" hillside destination. There were only three Rangers left in my patrol by this stage, so we made two huge stretchers and carried one up about 30 metres, then went back for the other in turn. The destination was nine kilometres away. About an hour later it started to rain torrentially. Moving up even the slightest incline was almost impossible. The ground kept giving way underfoot. I either fell, or slid backwards. The supervisor watched silently. The three of us toiled on for another hour, making a total of 200 metres.

Finally we sat down in the mud, totally dejected. We started to talk about leaving the stretchers. The supervisor peered down over us. His eyes cut a swath of indignation through the group. "Never in my career," he ranted, "have I seen such a pathetic display. You're not good enough to be soldiers in the SAS. You're not even good enough to be in the armed forces. You're shit. All of you are shit."

Saturated, abused, with blistered and bloody feet, I decided he was right. After more than 20 days of sleep and food deprivation, and relentless physical and mental torment, I drew the same conclusion: I was shit. I swore I would withdraw at the next destination. After a couple of minutes the supervisor stopped his vicious attack and told us we could leave the stretchers.

The next destination was our original camp. I and 11 other Rangers were called into a room where a gruff-looking sergeant stood in front of a flimsy desk. "Congratulations, men," he told us. "You've passed the selection course for the SAS."

It's over, I thought. *This can't be another trick.*

"You can now hold your head a little higher."

It's really over.

"And walk a little taller."

It's truly finished.

"Soon you'll be members of the regiment. And remember the SAS motto, men: 'Who dares wins'."

Who cares who wins? I thought. 

FOOTNOTE: Todd Cole is no longer a member of the armed services.

The Regimental Regime

Since its inception in 1957, the Australian Special Air Service (SAS) has performed a vital two-pronged role in Australia's defensive strategy. The clandestine image of the SAS emanates from its highly secretive peacetime counter-terrorist role. However, the regiment has an equally important wartime capability based on reconnaissance and surveillance. It has seen military service in Brunei, Borneo and Vietnam.

According to Major Ian Wing, senior officer at the SAS's headquarters in Western Australia, the selection course differs considerably from year to year, but certain fitness tests are mandatory every year. "This year approximately 400 military personnel from throughout Australia applied. Of those, 165 enlisted men and 35 officers were chosen to undertake the selection course." At the end of this year's gruelling 19-day course, conducted in Northam, Collie and the Stirling Ranges in Western Australia, 42 men were selected for service.

Major Wing said the SAS looked for "physically and mentally tough men who possess a certain level of maturity. An SAS soldier must also be able to effectively operate in large groups and small patrols, as well as by himself. Most candidates have spent two to three years in the army prior to commencing the course. Consequently, the average age of the enlisted applicants is 23 to 24, and for the officers it is 25 to 26... Most applicants train for a year prior to applying for the course."

Candidates who are chosen to enter the SAS undertake parachute training and then go on to join one of the regiment's six squadrons. Major Wing revealed the regiment has highly trained water operations, parachuting, vehicle reconnaissance and counter-terrorist units. He would not comment further on the internal organisation of the regiment.

At present the strength of the SAS is believed to be between 500 and 700 personnel. Of course, the true strength of the regiment lies not in its size but in the quality of its hand-picked, highly trained soldiers.

SOMETHING NATURAL

"I was a bit nervous about getting all my gear off as a model the first time," admits Candy Stuart, 24, who works in PR. "I didn't know whether I'd have a fit of shyness at the last minute, and I was so especially concerned at what my friends might think. But so far it's been great fun, and I'm going to do as much modelling as I can get."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HANK LONDONER



Twenty-three-year-old Dianne Moore believes in the power of positive thinking. "I love modelling and acting," she explains, "because I enjoy being as warm and inviting as possible. Being attractive makes it real easy to get acceptance, but my top priority is being happy within myself."

MOORE'S UTOPIA



PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

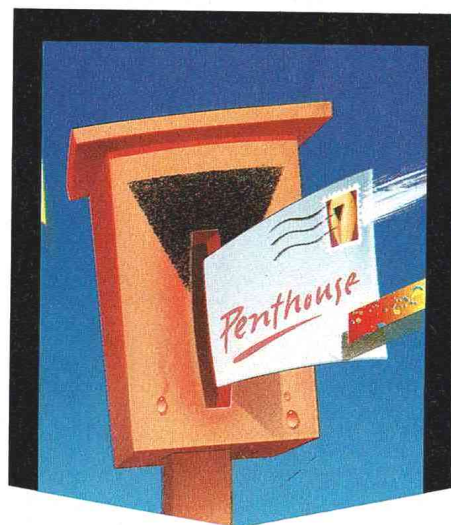


"One night my boyfriend and I ripped each other's clothes off on the beach and made love. What made it even more exciting was that there was another couple watching!"





"Downtime is important to me," says 36-23-34 Dianne. "I know how to have fun — I once went to the mall in my pyjamas on a dare! If I *really* had time to spare, though, I'd go back to school and learn Japanese."



forum

Continued from page 8

spunky man called David, who is in his late 20s. He's also my boss, and I've had my eye on him since I started work there when I was 16. So when he asked me how I was going to celebrate my 18th birthday he was quite disappointed when I told him "probably not much" as my boyfriend of 18 months, Terry, would be away on that weekend with his mates, as usual.

David is a great guy. He never gets angry and he always asks how people are. He makes himself available to sort out any problems. He's very popular. A couple of girls at the office openly described in detail how he had made love to them. He was a stud and I wanted him badly.

So when David suggested that we go out to lunch at a coastal resort, I had to

jump at it. But I wanted more, so after accepting the lunch offer, I got really daring and suggested that, as it was a fair drive to the resort, it would be a shame not to spend the night there and have a really good look around. He thought that it was a great idea and offered to book separate rooms. I told him that I couldn't afford the room and that if it was all right, I'd rather crash in his. His face lit up and I gave him one of my sexiest "come fuck me" looks.

When David came to pick me up at home at 10am on Saturday he just gasped. I was wearing a very loose and soft top, untucked at the bottom, big openings at the back, sides and front with no bra and a micro-mini black leather skirt. David looked nice in his trendy casual clothes — a bit different from suits.

His red Mercedes sports car is enough to make any girl want him. After putting my clothes and myself in the car, I leant forward, giving him a full view of my boobs (I have nice firm ones with big nipples) and told David that he hadn't even given me a birthday kiss yet. He took a deep breath. I gave him a special tongue kiss and sensed his hard-on.

Then for the kill, in doing up my seat belt, I let my short skirt ride up, exposing my true blonde and already wet cunt. I made sure David saw it, although I acted apologetic and embarrassed.

David drove fast and I couldn't stop thinking of sex and his hard cock. Once we got out of the metropolitan area, I unstrapped my seat belt and told David that I had to suck him off. Was he pleased? I unzipped him and exposed a most beautiful rock-hard cock. I sucked hard on it, making loud slurping noises.

David kept muttering that he couldn't believe it. It was great — the sun roof was open, the sun was shining and I was sucking the cock I'd been waiting for.

We arrived at the resort and checked in. As soon as we arrived in our room David tore everything off me — which wasn't much — and himself and buried his hot tongue deep in my cunt. He had thrown me on to the chair and was squeezing my tits and nipples. I wrapped my legs around his neck and pushed his head with both my hands into my cunt — it was like fucking his mouth with my cunt.

While David was deeply engrossed in licking my cunt, I heard a knock at the door. A woman's voice said: "Complimentary champagne." We had both forgotten about the free champagne which was mentioned at reception. I don't think David even heard it. I love champagne, and I was not ashamed of the position I was in, so I said: "Come in."

The woman was embarrassed. She had to come past us to put the champagne down. I had a big grin from ear to ear and I told David not to stop licking my cunt. But being a bitch, I also made him tip the woman so that she could see what a beautiful cock I was going to suck and fuck. She couldn't stop staring at his cock while he fumbled to get some money out of his wallet. Poor David was so embarrassed that he even lost a bit of his erection. But his cock was still big. I quickly knelt in front of him and started sucking his cock right in front of the woman, with my eyes open to see her reaction. She had a hard time walking back to the door.

David couldn't believe what I had just done. He told me not to stop sucking, as he loved hearing the loud slurping noises I was making. He then positioned me at the edge of the bed next to the large mirror and fucked me in the mouth while I fingered myself. Next he got me into a doggie position (my favorite) and this time his hot tongue homed right in on my arse. I really enjoyed watching his tongue fuck my arse in the mirror. He must have spent a good 20 minutes licking my arse and muttering how great it was and how he'd always wanted to fuck it.

The arse-eating was followed by a furious and fast fuck with me in the doggie position. When I asked David to finger my arse at the same time, he was surprised but happy to do it. So three fingers went in and out of my arse while David continued to fuck me. David then swiftly pulled his cock out of my cunt and shoved it deep into my arse. I felt it all right — he's got a big cock. But I accommodated him fine. David kept pulling his cock right out of my arse, only to shove it back in, watching his cock all the time. I continued talking dirty ("fuck my arse", "your cock feels so good fucking my arse", etc. . .) plus making the moans and the groans. It was great watching it all in the mirror. He then fucked me very hard and fast and exploded in my

arse. I must admit that it hurt a little bit then, but I loved it all the same.

After the initial fuck we had a shower and a long leisurely lunch at the markets surrounding the resort, followed by a swim at the resort's pool and more champagne and a spa bath. I wore my brand new black bikini bought especially for this occasion. The top basically covers my nipples, with the rest of my tits spilling out. As for the bottom piece, it leaves nothing to the imagination at all. As a couple of girls around the pool took their tops off, I followed suit. I paraded up and down the side of the pool for all to see.

Back in our room I was ready for another round of fucking. But I didn't want to pressure David, so I merely suggested we have a drink on the verandah. This is where my straight-laced David surprised me. After bringing out the champagne, he made me stand at the end of the verandah where the brick wall is waist-high. He exposed his beautiful cock, already rock hard, to me. I so badly wanted his cock in my mouth, cunt and arse all at once! He then made me face outwards while he stripped off my bikini bottom and treated my arse to his hot tongue. It was double sensation — I watched people not far below walk by while my arse was being hungrily eaten. Next on the menu was my dripping cunt. I am sure the people below us and next to us must have sensed what we were doing, as by now I was moaning and panting fit to bust. I kept drinking champagne to at least try to hide it. I tried to stay still but I just couldn't. I was still topless, and my tits were swaying from side to side. From my cunt, he moved to my clit. I nearly screamed out loud when his tongue hit it, and I began to wiggle like mad. Suddenly I didn't care if the whole world saw me — I was coming and coming and it was fantastic.

It was my turn next and I used all the tricks I knew in sucking David's throbbing cock while he stood and looked out from the verandah. He had a hard time trying to drink champagne at the same time. There was a long lazy-boy chair close by and I made him lie down there. This one was going to be my treat. We engaged in a 69 and I fucked him in the mouth with my cunt, talking dirty all the time. I then turned around and fucked him with my arse, arching my back so that he could see his cock going in and out. By now both of us didn't care who could see or hear us. Fucking in broad daylight out on the verandah was a real turn on.

To finish off the fuck, David had me standing up and bending forward with my head over the edge of the verandah. He then had a good look at my arse, treated it to his hot tongue and fucked my cunt in that position. He really went berserk this time and he fucked me so hard that my tits were banging against the verandah wall. I arched back to give him more penetration and he loved it. I pushed my hands against

the wall to keep up with the rhythm, to meet his every thrust and to fuck him back. We soon came and just collapsed on the lazy-boy. We relaxed and watched an in-house movie before getting ready and going out to the resort restaurant.

For dinner, I wore my sister's long black soft silk dress with no back and a big slit at the front coming up just below my cunt. My sister is taller than me, so the back of the dress sat just below the beginning of my arse cheeks. It made my backside look like a cleavage, David said. And because of the low-cut front, if I bent forward either my tits would fall out or people could have a full view of them from the side. David loved that dress. I also wore my stilettos to give me better curves in the right places, but definitely no knickers.

The dinner was lovely and we even went dancing at the resort's nightclub. During dinner I deliberately bent forward a couple of times, showing my tits off to nearby tables. I'm sure all the other women in the restaurant hated me and the men just wanted to fuck me. I did the same during dancing for the fast numbers. But during the slow ones I just parted the front of my dress to the sides so that my tits could brush against David's chest.

We crawled back to our room quite late. Both of us were absolutely drunk and hanging on to each other, kissing and hugging as we went along. Just before we got back to our room, I told David that I was horny and that I had a surprise for him. He told me that he couldn't think of anything we hadn't done so far. I told him: "You ain't seen nothing yet!" Then I unstrapped my dress, letting the whole thing fall off me. The cool night air made my nipples stick right out. Carrying my dress, we went back to the room.

Once inside, I tore off David's clothing and we watched me suck his cock in front of the mirror for a good five minutes. Then I told him it was time for my next surprise. I went to my bag and took out a tube of KY jelly and a huge 20 cm vibrator that a girlfriend gave me not long ago. After showing David how it worked I encouraged him to fuck me with it. He got so excited that he grabbed it and shoved it straight into my pussy, all the way, with the speed full-on. It was just as well that my cunt was already wet! Then he got me into a doggie position and with the vibrator full-on in my pussy, he gave my arse a really good licking. He's the best at this. We then lay down sideways and watched him finger my arse with the vibrator still in my cunt.

Then he wanted to put the vibrator into my arse. I love this and wanted it badly but I had to grab the KY jelly as the vibrator barely fits in. Very carefully we got the thing up me and it was amazing. Then we got into a 69 position taking turns to be on top. I fucked David's face and cock with my sex. I sucked his cock. He fucked my cunt and my arse and used the vibrator as well. We even went back to the verandah

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and David stood on a chair so I didn't have to kneel and fucked me in the mouth. I think David just wanted to be seen fucking my mouth with the vibrator in my arse. I wanted the whole world to see me with David's cock in my mouth. He was a stud all right and I couldn't wait to tell the girls at work on Monday.

We both slept in on Sunday way past breakfast time. I wasn't hungry anyway. As I woke up first, I had a quick shower and to show my gratitude, I woke up David by sucking his limp cock. But it soon grew to quite a size — nice and hard. I sucked him off for breakfast. David thought that was the best way to be woken up.

That was over two years ago. I have since moved into David's townhouse and I suck him off day and night and he always wakes me up by either licking my arse or my cunt. That's what I call living happily ever after. — *Name and address withheld*

His best friend

Brian was my lover's best friend, so I never thought that there would be anything between us. I had nothing more than convenience in mind when I offered to let him spend the night at my place, rather than making the long drive home after a late party and several drinks.

Since I'd just moved in and didn't have

much furniture, we both ended up on my queen-sized bed. We talked and listened to the radio for several hours while propped up among my abundant pillows. When I complained of a kink in my neck, Brian cheerfully offered to massage it for me. Now, while I had never expected anything to happen between us, I can't say that I'd never noticed his long, powerful fingers. Just the thought of him touching me did a lot to relieve my tension.

Needless to say, I was not disappointed. Murmuring my assent, I arched my back and rubbed up against him. Tracing his fingers along my body as he spoke, Brian continued: "I'll bet you also like to have a tongue run up your neck right . . . here and flicked across your ear." By now I was genuinely aroused, and I was more than willing to have him run his tongue across my sensitive skin. Moaning his name, I reached up to clutch his thigh and pull him harder against me.

For what seemed like an eternity, he continued to drive me crazy. His busy fingers and warm tongue found all the most sensitive spots on my neck and shoulders, and all the while I rotated my firm arse against the growing bulge in his Levi's. Finally, too hot to restrain myself, I rolled over and kissed him. The passion surged between us, and I knew we were in for a wild night.

Anxious to feel his body pressed against mine, I began unbuttoning his

shirt, flicking my tongue across his chest and teasingly along the edge of his pants. Pushing me away, he threw me on to my back and began unbuttoning my blouse. Tracing the contours of my heaving breasts, he smiled. "I've wanted you for a long time," he murmured.

We quickly removed the rest of our clothes and pressed our hot flesh together. His rock-hard cock was against my belly, and my full breasts were smashed against his muscular chest. He drew his cock slowly back until just the head was pressed against my wetness. Slowly, purposefully, he slid into me until his balls were pressed against my arse. I ground my hips up toward him, savoring the feeling of being completely filled by his throbbing cock.

Lifting my legs on to his shoulders, Brian rhythmically thrust his full length in and out of me. Soon I came in an earth-shattering climax. Brian was just getting started, though, and I think I came a dozen times before he was through. Finally, after turning me over on to my hands and knees, he came long and hard and deep inside me.

Exhausted, we fell asleep with the radio still playing. I woke Brian up the next morning by wrapping my warm lips around his cock, and we started off all over again.

My steady lover never did find out just how much he shared with his best friend!

— *Name and address withheld* ☐

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Other girls

I am a 24-year-old Phys. Ed. graduate specialising in women's sport. Consequently, an active lifestyle has helped me maintain a good figure (36-25-35).

A few months ago I was asked through an associate of mine to speak at a seminar being conducted on the NSW north coast. As I felt quite capable of presenting the required workshop I accepted, although I knew I'd be on my own in a strange town. Not daunted however, I booked myself into a motel and drove up.

The workshop went quite well — I had a good, responsive audience of women representing various sports. However, all through the workshop, my attention was drawn again and again to a young girl sitting towards the back of the class who seemed to be studying me with a strange intensity. There was something about her that I could not explain. She reminded me of someone, but that wasn't it. She seemed to exude a very raw, exciting kind of sensuality that was hard to ignore. Having never felt any kind of stirring towards other women before, I was a little perplexed.

When the session finally finished and everyone had made their slow, chatty way out of the room, the girl remained behind and approached me, introducing herself as Samantha. Again I was stunned by her sensuality. She was probably not much more than 18 years of age but the way she presented herself indicated a maturity that belied her years. She was quite tall with short blonde hair cut in a rather boyish fashion. Big blue eyes peered out at me and unashamedly walked all over my body.

As we talked I discovered that she was the younger sister of a girl with whom I had gone to university. She and her sister had a house in town, and Samantha insisted that I come back with her, as her sister would simply love to see me again. As I had nothing much planned, and the thought of an afternoon alone didn't thrill me, I eventually accepted.

We spent the rest of the afternoon at the local pool where we each did about 1km of laps before heading home. On the way, Samantha explained to me that her sister, whom I was meant to be visiting, was visit-

ing her boyfriend and might not return home for a while. By this time though, Samantha and I had become good friends, and so I didn't really mind.

Once we got home we both had a drink and Samantha put on some music. We talked almost non-stop, as though we had known each other for ages. But suddenly Samantha stopped and told me to make myself useful and give her a much needed massage which, after all, was a skill I was supposed to be a professional in. She laid a towel out on the floor and lay face-down on top of it. Like myself, Samantha still had her swimsuit on and I was presented with an utterly beautiful, tanned, lithe body.

As I began my massage she reached down and pulled her swimsuit up tight so that it moved right up the crack of her buttocks. I moved my hands down and was not surprised to find my heart pounding at least three times my normal pulse rate as I pulled, squeezed and stretched her taut muscles as best as I could. When my hands moved toward the small of her back she very suggestively and invitingly raised her hips off the floor. I tried to ignore her action but she simply crept forward on the towel, so that my hands were now hovering directly over her arse.

At last I complied and moved my hands down ever so tentatively, but not without attempting to play the whole scene down.

Up to this point, all conversation had

ceased, but now I tried to start anew by asking her about her social life, or her boyfriends. Her reply stopped me dead in my tracks. "No," she murmured, "I've given up on boys for a little while. I'm having far too much fun with other girls."

Having said this, she now raised herself and faced me, her eyes locked into mine. I was riveted. With a smile, she slowly began removing her costume and asked me if I liked her body.

When I failed to give her a reply she said: "Don't be afraid to say yes. I mean, even I like my body, as much as I like yours. And there is absolutely nothing wrong with liking, or wanting, another girl."

After that piece of dialogue I was even more dumbfounded, and I found myself visually devouring her as she continued stripping. She had the most gorgeous body I have ever seen. She was golden brown all over with small, yet firm and full breasts, so perfectly round it seemed impossible; her stomach was flat and muscular and her legs long, strong and shapely. My eyes trailed down her blemish-free body to her small, smooth little pussy, nestled beneath just the tiniest tuft of soft blonde pubic hair. She pulled me toward her and I felt as if I were bolted to the ground.

My objections went unheeded as she gently kissed me on my lips and drew me closer still until our breasts crushed together. When I began to respond to her

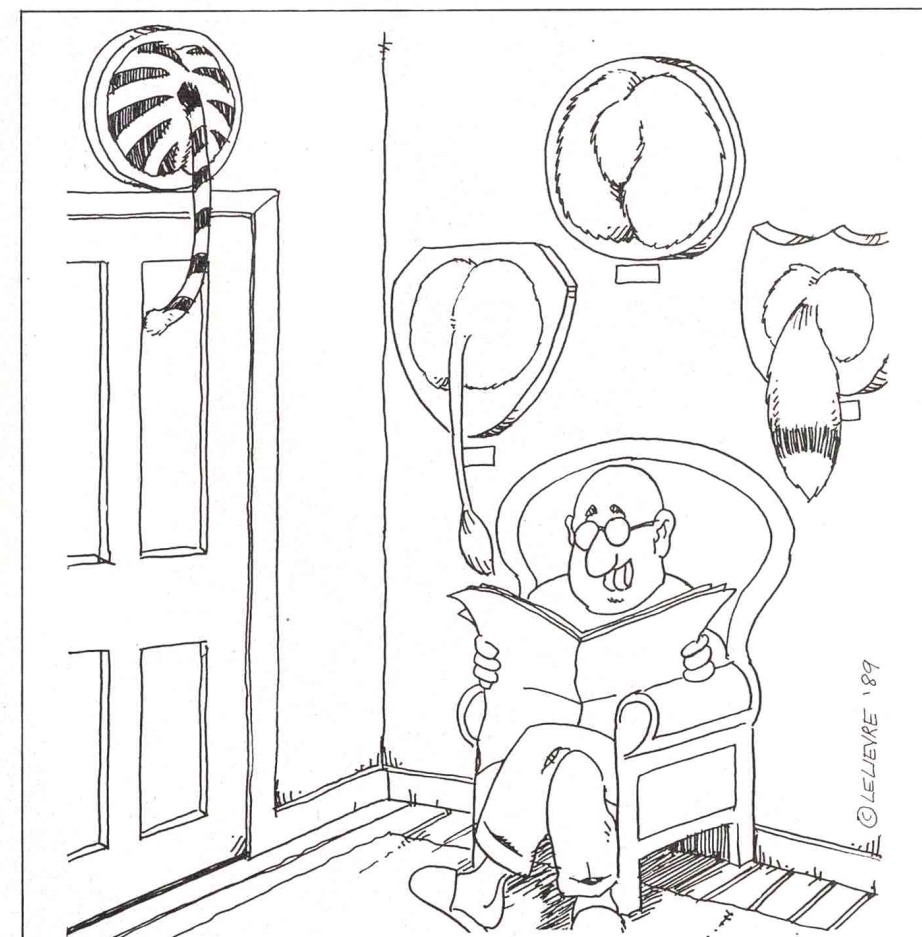
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kiss, she slowly peeled my swimsuit off and let her hands settle between my now trembling and soaking thighs. The die was cast. There was no stopping now.

Pulling away from our kiss, she smiled and said: "Oh, here's something that needs to be fixed." By this time I was so completely aroused that I was ready to succumb to anything at all. Knowing this, she led me into the bathroom and turned on the shower. I was still trembling as she knelt in front of me and doused my pussy in warm water. Before I knew what was happening, she had lathered me in shaving cream and began shaving my pussy from top to bottom, with sure, even strokes, until it was as smooth as silk. All my complaints and supposed objections were merely obligatory and she ignored them with obvious delight. When she was finally done I was on the verge of collapsing from the intensity of it and almost screamed in delight when she buried first one, then two fingers deep in my throbbing, dripping cunt.

We somehow made it to the bedroom, where we collapsed on the bed. Samantha was now wasting no more time. Her lips crushed hard against mine, our tongues lashing together in the most passionate kiss I have ever experienced. Sensing my urgency, she now moved quickly down my quivering body.

She paused to briefly suck and bite my nipples, which were so hard I thought they were going to launch themselves at the ceiling. She had barely buried her tongue inside me when I came in a flurry of violent spasms that racked my entire body over and over again.

When my climax had subsided, Samantha slithered back on top of me, her sweet face drenched in my juices. Nothing was said and we kissed for what seemed like hours.

The simple act of kissing another woman was incredibly erotic. But I tore myself away from her mouth and began kissing her all over, wanting to taste and devour every inch of her. Her moans grew and inspired me. I was on a high. This was a euphoria I'd never known before and as I homed in on her pussy, I had to actually suck in my breath. I had never been so close to another woman's sex before and my stomach was doing hurdles as my tongue gradually settled and entered her

beautiful, tight and almost hairless vagina.

After my first taste of pussy, I was hooked. Within minutes I was an expert and in love with what I was doing. Much to Samantha's well-voiced delight, I began exploring every crevice of her cunt, spreading her lips wide and nibbling, biting and chewing her clit like there was no tomorrow.

Her moans grew louder, inspiring me even further. The last of my inhibitions disappeared as I left her dripping snatch and pushed my tongue deep into her tight, pink asshole. While in the shower I had seen her vigorously soaping herself there so I had no reservations about doing this.

Her reaction was incredible. She screamed loud enough to wake the dead and begged me to go deeper still. She was now kneeling on all fours, and, as I grabbed her thighs and prepared to ram my tongue further up her arse, she reached back and began furiously fingering her overheated clit. I pushed my tongue in so hard it hurt my jaw, pulling back on her thighs at the same time. I was experiencing a totally unrivalled passion and desire. I tongue-fucked her for an eternity before burying myself back in her delicious pussy.

But Samantha had other ideas. She turned around and breathed: "69." Within seconds we were in position, with me on top.

We launched ourselves at each other's

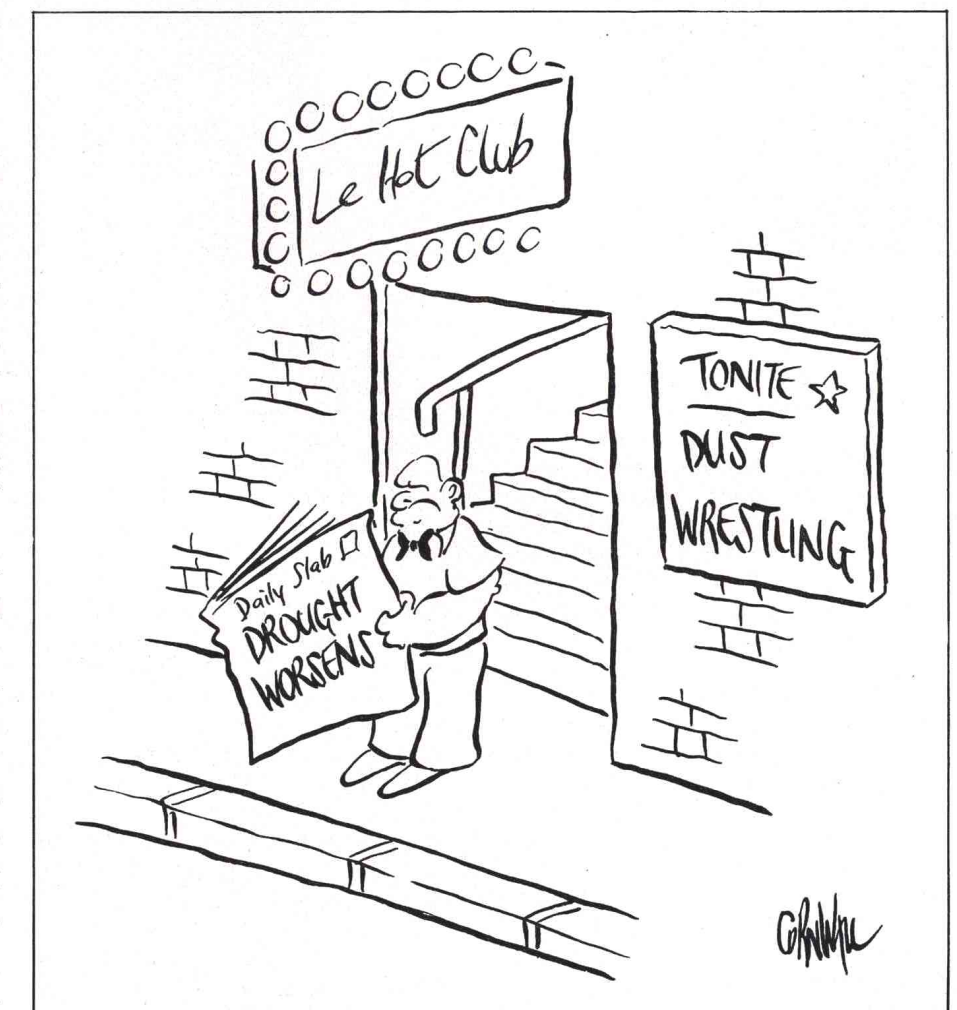
cunts, our sweat-soaked bodies mashing together, hands on each other's buttocks, revelling in the taste, smell and feel of raw, unbridled sex.

Our action built to a fever pitch. Samantha was now fingering my asshole, slipping two fingers deep within my virgin passage while never ceasing or slowing her oral assault on my boiling clit. I was close to hitting the wall of sexual ecstasy, a feeling I had never before experienced.

Suddenly it seemed as though there was an electric charge running through us, a continuous current that began somewhere in my stomach and poured through my cunt into Samantha's mouth and back into my own mouth through her pulsating snatch.

Juices poured into my mouth and all over my face as Samantha burst her dams, a split second before I did, our bodies trembling uncontrollably on the verge of total blackout until, finally exhausted, we collapsed in a sweating, disbelieving huddle.

Afterwards we lay together, fondling and caressing. Samantha told me of how she'd discovered lesbian love with a schoolfriend of hers about a year before and how it had helped her through the difficult period of her parents' divorce. We have since planned a skiing trip this season and she is bringing her friend with her. Let the good times roll. — Name and address withheld



10 RECORDS

Continued from page 52

events at three successive Commonwealth Games. He also won the Olympic 100m title in 1968. Kathy Wainwright set another world mark in winning the 440 yards freestyle. The other Aussie gold medallist was Ron Jackson in the 1650 yards freestyle.

Jack Brabham wins a world championship in the car he designed himself.

It takes a remarkable sportsman to win the World Drivers' Championship of Grand Prix motor racing. Jack (now Sir Jack) Brabham was such a man. Three times he was world champion and the last of his successes came while he was driving a car he built himself — a feat unique in motor sport and one which all experts agree will never be equalled.



Jack Brabham

Brabham got his start soon after World War II driving midget cars, which he built himself, around the dirt tracks of NSW. But it was when he decided to try his luck in Britain and Europe that he became world famous. Driving for the Cooper racing team, he became the first Australian to win the world drivers' crown, in 1959, with successes in the Monaco and British Grand Prix. Brabham won the title again the following year with wins in the Dutch, Belgian, French, British and Portuguese Grand Prix.

After this success he quit the Cooper team to design and build his own car. It looked like he had made the biggest mistake of his life when, for six years, he went without a single Grand Prix win. Then, in 1966, the tide turned. Brabham won the French, British, Dutch and German Grand Prix. The World Championship was once again his. And, more important, so too was the Manufacturers' Championship.

"I doubt whether that can ever be done again," Brabham theorises. "The task would be too great. In my day motor racing

was really just a sport. Now, it's very definitely a business. A driver has his hands full winning the race, without worrying about all the factors involved in the car's design and performance."

Golfer Ivo Whitton wins five Australian Opens as an amateur.

In modern golf it is rare indeed for an amateur to win a major tournament. The last amateur to snare the Australian Open was Bruce Devlin in 1960. And before him, Jim Ferrier in 1939. So how does Ivo Whitton rate?

He won no less than five Australian Opens — all as an amateur. And there was a 19-year gap between his first in 1912 and his last in 1931. "It won't happen again," Whitton noted many years later. "Not that good amateurs don't come along. It's just that the good ones quickly turn professional. When I was a young man, there were hundreds of wealthy young men who could spend many leisure hours on the golf course. I could practice six months of

the year. Today, it's only the professional who has the time and the opportunity."

Whitton, the son of the Victorian Collector of Customs, was 18 when he won his first Open, at Royal Melbourne, battling gale force winds and torrential rain. He won again 12 months later on the same course but then went off to war, fighting in Greece and Bulgaria as a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Artillery. His other victories came in 1926 and 1929 (both at Royal Adelaide) and 1931 (at The Australian, in Sydney). Whitton rated his closing 72 in a gale for his last success as the greatest round of golf in his career.

Jean-Louis Ravelomanantsoa wins the 1975 Stawell Gift off scratch.

Every Easter, the tiny Victorian town of Stawell is the focus of attention in the world of professional athletics. The Stawell Gift, the main event of the weekend, is the oldest and most important footrace in the world. First run in 1878, it attracts the cream of Australia's athletes and some of

the finest overseas runners as well. But the best athletes rarely win — they find their huge handicaps too much to overcome.

Neil King, coach of several Stawell Gift winners, notes: "To put it in perspective, the athlete who wins Stawell is hardly ever world-ranked." Only one has ever managed to win it from scratch — 32-year-old Jean-Louis Ravelomanantsoa from the Republic of Malagasy (formerly Madagascar), in 1975. Yet this record nearly didn't happen — because Ravelomanantsoa spat the dummy.

On Easter Saturday, he had won his heat of the Gift in the world record time of 12.0 seconds. He reckoned this was deserving of some prizemoney. And, when it was not forthcoming, he told the officials where they could stick their beloved Stawell Gift. On the Sunday he was even more irate. US Olympic sprinter Warren Edmondson beat him in a scratch race. And, as the Madagascan was due to give the American a start of 1.25m in the final of the Gift, Ravelomanantsoa believed he had no hope.

Promoter John Toleman spent hours of hard talking before he was able to coax the temperamental star into running on the final day. It poured with rain, but that didn't prevent Ravelomanantsoa winning his semi-final. But it stopped Edmondson in his tracks. He missed a placing and a spot in the final. And without Edmondson to worry about, the Madagascan made easy meat of the remaining runners.

Walter Lindrum makes a world record billiards break of 4137.

Sport has rarely seen a competitor as dominant as billiards ace Walter Lindrum. The authorities kept changing the rules in a vain attempt to curb his pointscoring. And, as a result, the records he set will certainly never be beaten, unless the restrictions are eased. No-one since the peak of Lindrum's career in the Thirties has come within cooee of his scores.

His finest achievement was at the most famous of all billiards shrines, London's Thurston Hall, in January, 1932, where he was matched against English champion Joe Davis. Because of Lindrum's superiority he was forced to give Davis 7000 points start. At the end of the first day, Davis had added 1834 to his 7000. Lindrum was on 2224. Then the champion started a remarkable run.

He went to the rest at the end of the first session of the day with an unbeaten break of 701. After the second session he was still shooting, with his break now at 2450. At the end of the day, he was still there at 3151 — just 754 short of his own world record break, set in London the previous year. The next day Lindrum passed the record in just under three-quarters of an hour. Then, at 4137, he missed a difficult cannon shot and the new world record was set. 



Isabelle Price grew up on a large ranch in New Mexico, and she's still hooked on the desert. "I'm a real country girl at heart," she smiles. "I wouldn't even consider living somewhere like New York City. I'd pine for the wide open spaces."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

cactus flower



Isabelle grew up around horses and dreams of owning her own corral. "I'm a long way off that yet," she sighs. "But I've got plans and I'm a determined person when I put my mind to it. My friends and my family know that. Outsiders sometimes treat me like a bimbo — I hate that."



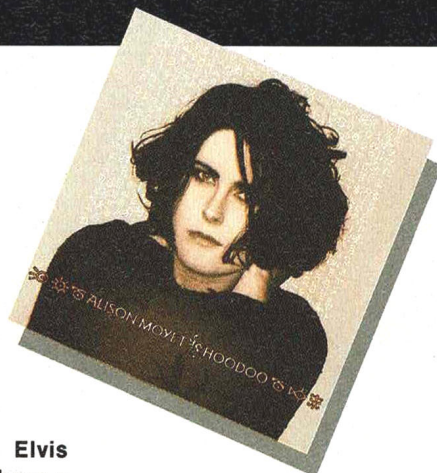


"I used to be a tomboy," says Isabelle. "But these days, I enjoy the feminine side of my nature. There are plenty of men around who want to spend time with me, too. But I'm after a real thoroughbred, and I'm in no big hurry."

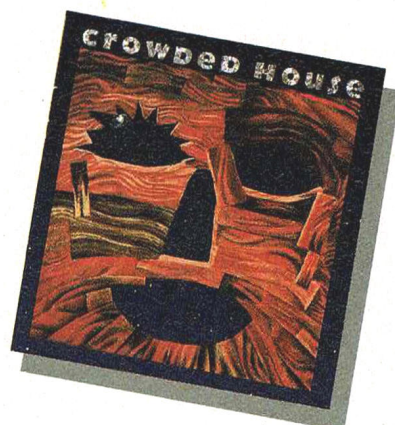




SUGARING THE PILL



An evening with **Elvis Costello** has never been a totally cosy affair. True, he has had his moments of gentle melodicism ("Alison" and others of her ilk) but this literate, sarcastic observer is usually only offering a sugar coating to some bitter message pills. Like the court jester, he revels in making it painfully clear that "there's magic and there's malice in every season."



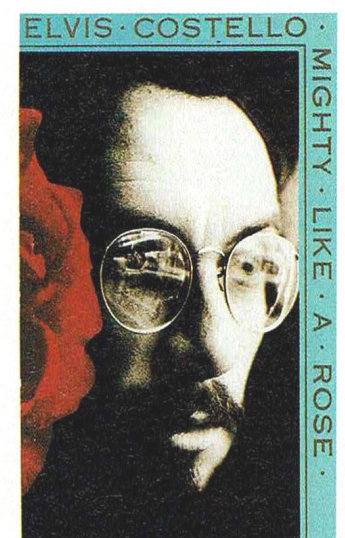
On his latest *Mighty Like A Rose* (Warner) he is as prickly and pretty as the title foliage though, despite the collaboration with Paul McCartney on a couple of tracks, his emphasis is on the stem rather than the petals.

On the aptly titled *Watershed* (White) G.W. McLennan, responsible in part for some of the Go Betweens' more elegant tunes (like "Cattle And Cane"), finds his creative energies bearing consistent fruit. There is none of the dissipation of focus inherent in any band due to numerous creative egos, and Dave Dobbyn's production has added a coat of commercial polish. G.W.'s simple guitar and poignant vocal style gel in various settings from straight ahead rock, the orchestral (with violin lead) "Broadway Bride", mock country "Black Mule" and the big fold rock "Dream About Tomorrow."

"It's Only Natural (that I should want to be there with you)" becomes a song of filial inevitability

when sung by the recently recombined voices of Neil and Tim Finn. In five albums together in Split Enz the lads only co-wrote two songs, so the eight collaborations on **Crowded House's** *Woodface* (Capitol) is a personal best. The other half of CH have accepted this fraternal reunification and older brother Tim got the nod to move in. The new bonding in the band has added more fuel to their fires of conviction, and their first single "Chocolate Cake" cheerfully dumps on cloying sentimentality in popular muzak and the shallow excesses of the Americans.

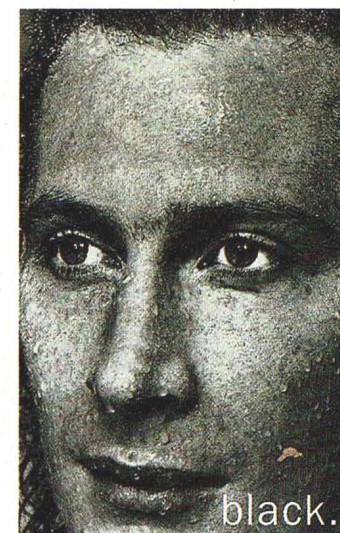
Seal, like his amphibious namesake, is sleek, black, and good-natured. He rebounds from what sounds like a conciliatory song to a friend with a terminal problem (possibly only life) to the truly inspired funky truism that "we're never gonna survive unless we get a little crazy." Producer Trevor Horn (Frankie Goes To Hollywood) has added his



compelling touch to this and other grooves on *Seal* (ZTT) but doesn't stand in the man's way when he swims "Deep Water" with an acoustic passion. Mr Seal

sings the praises of "future power people throwin' love to the loveless" and is Mr Optimistic with his intention to "walk through the old world with a brand new plan."

While we're in a religious mood, mention must be made of the man who sounds like he taught the angels to sing. **Aaron**



Neville has a solo release that will *Warm Your Heart* (A&M). Taking a step away from the creative hearth of the Neville Brothers, he enlisted the studio company of Linda Ronstadt, who helped produce and also duets on "Close Your Eyes." She's repaying a favor (he was on her last release) and living out a fan's ambition to get her doo-wop (with gospel heritage) from the source. Moody soulful pop British-style comes in shades of **Black**, Brown and Deacon Blue. **Black** (Polydor), who deadpanned his way through a "Wonderful Life," now croons with **Sam Brown** "I feel out of focus, what can I do, there's only you." Scottish band **Deacon Blue**, meanwhile, invite *Fellow Hoodlums* (Sony) to their own maudlin Celtic reverie.

A revitalised **Alison Moyet** is defiantly ridding herself of some angry sentiments about love, life and infidelity on *Hoodoo* (Columbia). The aggressive thump of "Rise" complements the venting of spleen, but Moyet is still capable of the longing of "Wishing You Were Here." Blue-black pop sung from life. — **Jeremy Cook**

Clockwise from top: Blue-black pop from **Alison Moyet**; Moody British soul from **Black**; **Elvis Costello**, prickly and pretty; Scottish band **Deacon Blue** turn on maudlin Celtic stuff; **Crowded House** reunites the talents of Neil and Tim Finn.



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Listen up, knuckleheads! The spirit of The Three Stooges is as redolent as parmesan on a footie sock in **The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell Of Fear**. Those Three Musketeers of skull-bumping, nose-in-pliers, fingers-in-eyeballs merriment would be guffawing themselves even sillier over this one. That is, of course, if they weren't all fucking dead. *Nyuk-nyuk-nyuk, woo-woo-woo.*

This writer is not too much of the beret-wearing film fest *wankeur* to admit to much buffoonish, snorting amusement watching the antics of Lt Frank Drebin in the crassly hilarious 1988 hit. (Watched it again on video, as a matter of fact, and had to king-hit a few little kids to get the only copy without the "Sorry, I'm Out" card on it.) So this sequel was all set to preach to a converted imbecile.

Shame is, however, the follow-up, which reunites the original

gang of idiots — Leslie Nielsen, Priscilla Presley, George Kennedy and O.J. Simpson — smells not so much of fear as of deceased Stoooge. And its over-the-top violence tended to shock and bemuse rather than amuse. (Call me old-fashioned, but folks reduced to wall-splattering flesh rags in a bomb blast ain't my idea of a regular laff riot.) Then again, the waft of decomposing Shemp that I detected may have been solely in the nose of a more mature, more discerning and tasteful beholder. Either that or the bloke next to me had been chowing down on dead rat and baked beans.

Whatever, *The Naked Gun 2½*, while sparser in the gag department than its predecessor, is not without a foolish snigger or three. And to watch Nielsen bumbling, posturing and pratfalling still tickles. The plot and theme here, if you can call 'em that, pay lip service to matters ecological, as Frank Drebin takes on an evil consortium of environmentally unsound businessmen. Says director/co-writer David Zucker: "Much of the film's production was very environmentally conscious. For instance, we recycled a lot of jokes." Another telling quote from Zucker has it that: "In an early draft of the film we had a terrific sequence where Drebin solves the case right away. Unfortunately, we realised then that we only had a 12-minute movie." They shoulda quit while they were ahead. **

From sledgehammer humor to a subtler kind that warms the cockles and raises a smile of recognition. British film-maker Mike Leigh's *Life Is Sweet* parts the terylene lace curtains of an English working class home to study the lives of the family within. We find a cheery working mum, a battler and dreamer of a dad, and their teenage twin daughters — one quiet, boyish and determined, the other bitter, unemployed and very mixed-up. We meet, too, a handful of family friends, some ordinary as tea and toast, some mad as meat-axes.

The humor of this very likeable

film lies in its natural dialogue and relaxed portrayals. Writer/director Leigh is renowned for his method of workshoping his actors through months of character preparation, building a true re-



lationship between players and allowing each an input to script and plot development. The resulting films, for TV and cinema (1988's *High Hopes* is the best known outside Britain), have been acclaimed for their realism and very English laugh-in-the-face-of-bleedin'-adversity mood.

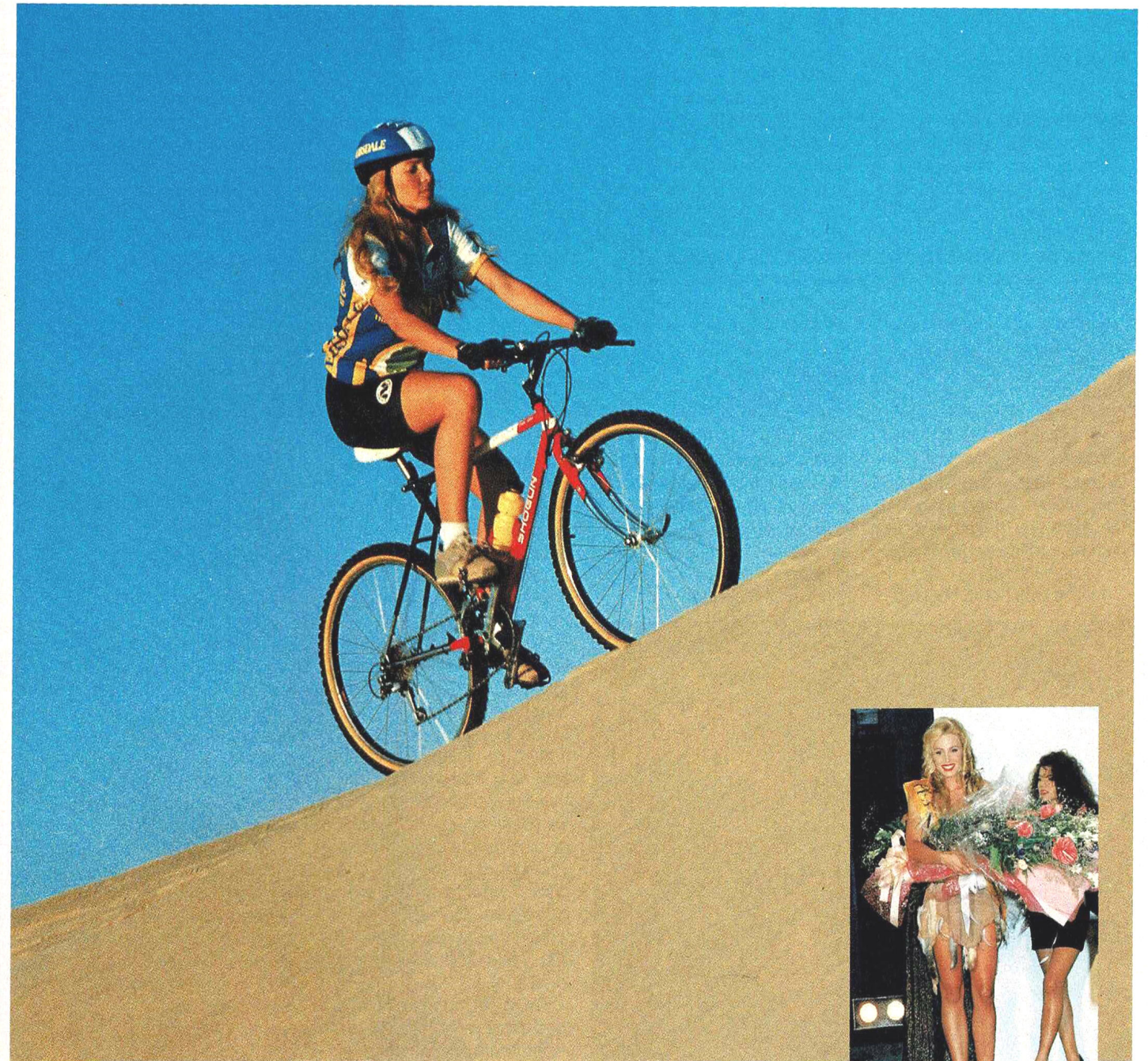
Life Is Sweet is rich in just such atmosphere, and its leading characters, particularly Alison Steadman and Jim Broadbent as the parents, wear their roles like surgeon's gloves. However, the unbelievable eccentricities of a couple of supporting roles, though they are amusing, lessen the realism of the final product and point to Leigh's lenience in letting actors create their own roles.

But, just like the gentle message of this never-boring film, such little things aren't worth whingeing about. This one's a sweet ride that's well worth the price of a ticket. *** — C.J. Mackay

Below and right: Leslie Nielsen and George Kennedy ham it up to the max in David Zucker's slapstick sequel, *The Naked Gun 2½*.



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AMSTERDAM HAPPY

The word on every hip traveller's lips these days is Brussels. The Flemish capital is supposed to be the coming thing for those trendy tourists who follow the fashion in travel destinations like some other silly people follow fashion in clothing.

Although it's hard to keep track of these follies and fancies, every good travel writer, in order not to look like a boob, must make some sort of effort to keep on top of things. I felt a comforting twinge of virtue as I booked my flight to Brussels, knowing that I could then alert you, the travelling hedonist, to the possibilities for bliss in Belgium.

Alas, it was not to be. I did

the world documenting various forms of fauna, was asked late in his career if there was any animal life he didn't particularly care for. Perkins demurred; all animals were interesting in their own way. But the interviewer persisted. Wasn't there just one he wished never existed? "Well," Perkins replied, "I sometimes have my doubts about mosquitoes."

I am not as polite as Perkins, and I have no doubts at all about mosquitoes, which I believe should be hunted down like outlaws and obliterated from the face of the Earth. And I found out one thing that the trendy travel destination of the moment — charming, picturesque Brussels — has in abundance is mosquitoes. Big suckers, too, which make Dracula's

one of the "Low Countries" right along with Belgium, somehow the Dutch have licked their mosquito problem. Perhaps the haze emanating from all the "coffee shops," where hashish and marijuana are still sold freely, discourages or disorients the aerial pests.

Amsterdam in particular and the Netherlands in general have long since worn out their trendiness. Amsterdam was trendy in the Sixties, and it retains the faint tang of the flower-child Mecca it once was. Beyond the hash, there is the gush of state-sponsored socialism, which underwrites all the arts. Amsterdam is probably the only place in the world where you can get funded by the government to hold an anti-government demonstration.

I remember Amsterdam when it was still fresh as a rose. Back in 1970 I judged something called "The Wet Dream Festival", an orgy of adult films which represented the finest in explicit sexuality that Europe had to offer. This was back when the sexual revolution was breaking so fast you had to run to stay in one place. I went to my first orgy in Amsterdam (somehow, I wound up not getting laid), my first S & M brothel, and my first legal hooker.

The Wet Dream Festival is long dead, but the hookers of Amsterdam are still there, of course, and still legal. The routine is well known: the women display themselves in street-level windows, and some streets in the sprawling Red Light District (like Spuistraat, say) are lined with these vice vitrines.

In fact, the Red Light District is growing, and the latest trend is to have small, neighborhood operations of one or two girls scattered among the

residential districts of the city. Legalised prostitution and adult entertainment still retain high public approval, whereas there are rumblings against the easy availability of dope.

It's a strange mix, the rigid Calvinism of the Dutch coupled with their absolute belief in personal freedom.

"Legal prostitution still has high public approval, but there are rumblings about the easy availability of dope."

One thing I have noticed, over the years, is an increasing trend toward sensualism. The Dutch are becoming sophisticates of the palate, even though their relaxed manner sometimes holds them back in their pursuit of the carnal pleasures.

The best restaurant I visited was in a hotel, De Kersentuin, in the Garden Hotel (7 Dijksselhofplantsoen), a crackling fresh place that was perhaps a bit too imitative of the French. Still, it was a marvellously fine meal, and I was as voracious as a Belgian mosquito.

The only unfortunate aspect of my Amsterdam sojourn was my inability to maintain a hard-on. My doctor assured me it was some medication I had taken, but I had another theory: the Belgian mosquitoes had drained all my blood, and I didn't have any left to engorge my dick. This was a tragedy, because in Amsterdam, the pussy is one of the town's major resources. 



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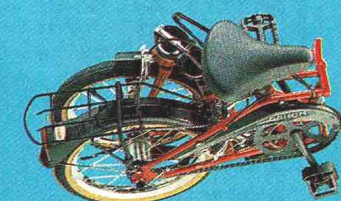
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indeed land in Brussels, under a sky so flat and grey it looked like a pillow being shoved down on the face of a euthanasia recipient. And I was duly trundled off to my hotel. But I soon realised I could not stay there.

The naturalist Marlin Perkins, who had been all over

legions look like Sunday schoolers. Weakened, seriously drained of blood, my face blotched with what looked like a bad case of hives, I decamped Brussels as soon as I could, taking a night train to Amsterdam, Holland.

It was a happy turn of events. Even though Holland is

LOOSE ENDS

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The boat shoe that's good for land or sea: Sperry Top-siders are made of leather with high-grip non-skid soles and lacing that goes right around the ankle to ensure a good fit. Various models include either leather or brass-tipped laces, rust-proof brass eyelets and quick-drying inner linings. Top-siders are available from Musto (Australia) of Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, phone (02) 360 5455.

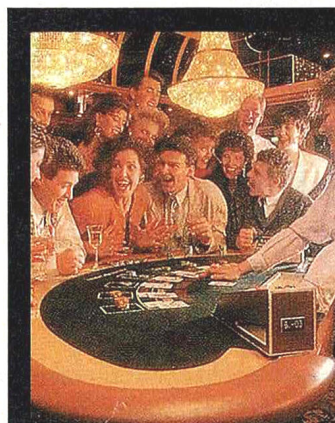
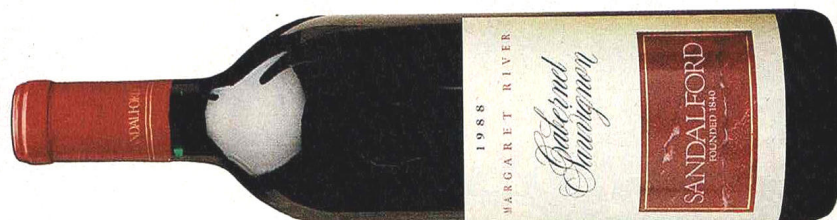


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Whether competing in the world ski-racing championship or simply going off for a water-skiing weekend with a few friends, the Australian-made Natwel 20 is the boat you need. Designed for ski-racing, the hull is built for speeds of 160 km/h and over, and the power unit can either be outboard or inboard. Besides speed, the Natwel's big advantage is the flatter-than-usual wash behind the boat which makes it easier for skiers. The boat comes in a standard two- or three-color design, but you can also request your own color scheme. For more information, contact the distributors, Challenge Marine, on (09) 344 2716, fax (09) 345 3059.

WIN WITH ANGOVE'S

One of the latest releases from Angove's, the venerable family-owned South Australian wine company, is the Winemaker's Limited Edition range. And to spread the news, this month the company is giving away five packs of the new releases to *Penthouse* readers. Angove's chief winemaker, Frank J. Newman, was given a free hand in the making of these two wines and the results are outstanding. A 1988 Cabernet Sauvignon and a 1989 Chardonnay were produced, both "hand-made" in the literal sense, and both, because of the winemaking methods employed, produced in extremely limited quantities. Angove's Winemaker's Limited Edition wines are available from better liquor outlets and restaurants, or phone Angove's in your state for stockists. To win one of five two-bottle packs, simply answer this question on the back of an envelope: Who is Angove's chief winemaker? Include your name, address and phone number and post your entry to Angove's Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062. The winners will be the first five correct entries drawn. Entries close Friday, October 18.



AND THE WINNERS ARE

The winners of the \$2700 VIP Adelaide Casino Competition staged in the June '91 edition of *Australian Penthouse* were Robert and Roslyn Brereton of Bayswater in Victoria. The winners of the Proton Competition staged in the May '91 edition were: M. Jekabson, Shepparton, Vic; K. Scambler, Wangaratta, Vic; M. Pinnock, Newman, WA; J. DeStage, Mt Isa, Qld; and J. Bell, Turramurra, NSW. These winners receive a \$459 R5-4218 Proton clock radio.

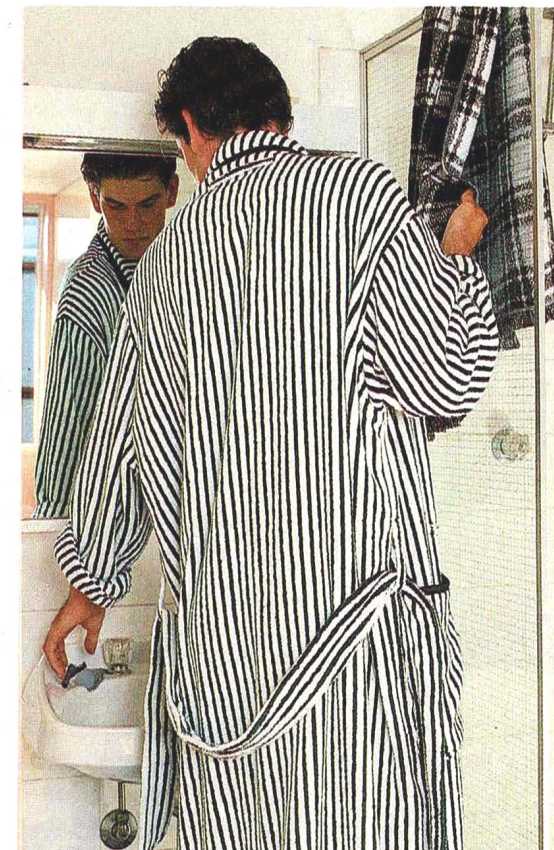


THE PRINCE OF LIQUEURS

After the defeat of his army in 1746, Bonnie Prince Charles was hunted like a stag across the Highlands of Scotland, with a price of 30,000 pounds on his head. In exchange for refuge in the house of Mackinnon of Strathaird, the Prince offered his personal recipe for what has become known as Drambuie. Treasured and passed down the generations, the secret preparation of aged single malt whiskies, blended whiskies and herbal essences was trademarked Drambuie in 1892 and 14 years later the recipe was produced on a commercial scale in Edinburgh. Today, Drambuie is celebrated world-wide, a favorite taken straight, over ice or mixed. It also adds a special dash to foods. As well as its desserts applications, Drambuie added to roasted meat juices adds special piquance to gravy, and mixed with melted butter, it makes a great baste and glaze for roast poultry.

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Treat yourself to the indulgence of a Stuart Membery bathrobe in green or blue stripes with collar piping and pocket badge. The robe is made of extra-soft, top quality terry towelling. It feels like a million dollars but costs less than that (\$235). You can get one, along with Stuart Membery bath towels (\$39.95), from Derek Scott, Paddington, Sydney. Phone: (02) 360 4879.



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beautiful and almost as tough as diamonds. Undeniably futuristic and avant-garde, the Rado Ceramica moulds itself around your wrist. With scratchproof sapphire crystal, it's water resistant and quartz precise. Available in three sizes.

hot looks

If Reebok has its way, Australian streets are going to be positively dangerous to walk around this summer. Reebok has released its range of sporting apparel with an eye not just to the gym but to the great outdoors as well, meaning plenty of sexy cat suits, unitards, bike shorts, bum bags and leotards out and about in your neighborhood. They're made for men and women, come in an array of scorching hot colors, and are comfortable to boot. The Reebok summer range is available now from leading department and sports stores.



LOOSE ENDS

RITZY RIDER

Taking a BMW offroad racing may sound a bit like standing under a cold shower tearing up \$100 bills, but the fact is that motorbikes in BMW's GS series like nothing better. Competition versions of this model have won the gruelling Paris-Dakar Rally no less than four times, and the lessons learned there are incorporated into each machine. There are two offroad models — the R100 GS and the R100 GS Paris-Dakar — both powered by BMW's 1000cc 60bhp Boxer engine (said to be the world's most powerful Enduro engine) and featuring its Paralever suspension system. The Paris-Dakar version has a larger fuel tank, a reinforced fairing and more protection around the engine. Both versions are available in Australia, recommended retail price \$10,350 for the standard model and \$12,350 for the Paris-Dakar version.

Black Beauty

Opal Nera is Italy's original black sambuca, a wild taste sensation alone and a great addition to any home bar as a mixer. New to Australia, this dark drop is nectar when topped with Baileys in a liqueur glass for a Black Dream. Topped with champagne in a flute it becomes Black Rain, or artfully floated on white sambuca you're in for a Black On White that'll blow your cotton socks off. Drink it over ice with a twist of lemon to refresh, or sip a glass with your after-dinner coffee. In short, Opal Nera is as delicious as it is versatile. You'll find it in most good liquor stores.



MOSTLY MUSK



We're into the sleek, streamlined Nineties, and what better way to smooth out those physical rough patches than by laying your hands on products from The Body Shop's Mostly Men range? There's face wash, face scrub and face protector, shaving lotion and after shave, mud shampoo, mud soap and shampoo gel, even talc and deodorant. Being from The Body Shop the products are all ideologically sound, and being 1991 (apparently musk is this year's scent) the fragrance is musky. Mostly Men items are stocked by The Body Shop stores nationwide.

West Australia's Sandalford Wines have just released their 1988 Margaret River Cabernet Sauvignon, a vintage which well reflects the distinctive style the company is developing. The quality wine is ready for drinking now, displaying the typical rich tannins and red berry fruit from the Margaret River District, complemented by fine wood and good acid balance. However, according to Sandalford Managing Director and Chief Winemaker Christian Marlaes, the Cabernet Sauvignon will mature and soften over five or six years and it will retain excellent structure for a further five years. This is the second wine released under the very distinctive "red marble" label, and it is retailing for around \$13.50 at good bottle shops.

out of the west



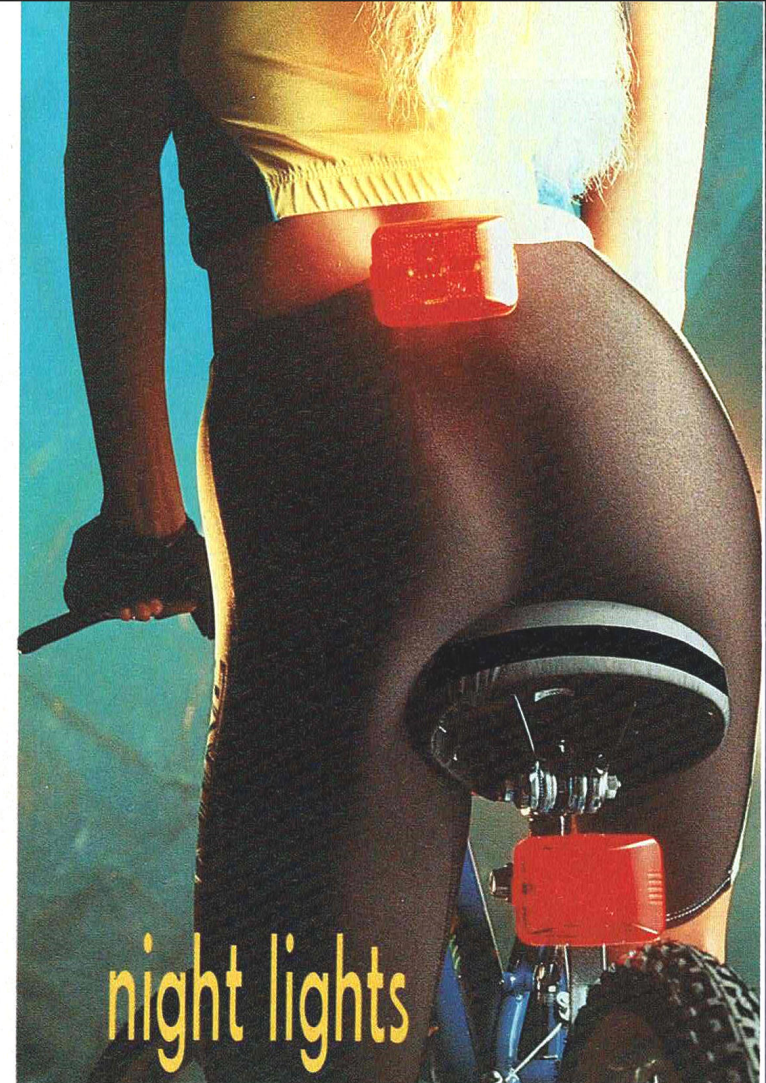
OFF THE GROUND

If you want to put a bit of air between yourself and the cold, hard ground, take a look at the Artiach Skin Mat. It's a feather-light, self-inflating mattress made of polyester non-slip (so you don't slide off in the middle of the night). It comes in two lengths, 120cm and 180cm, and rolls up tight into its own bag. It costs around \$75 from Paddy Pallins.



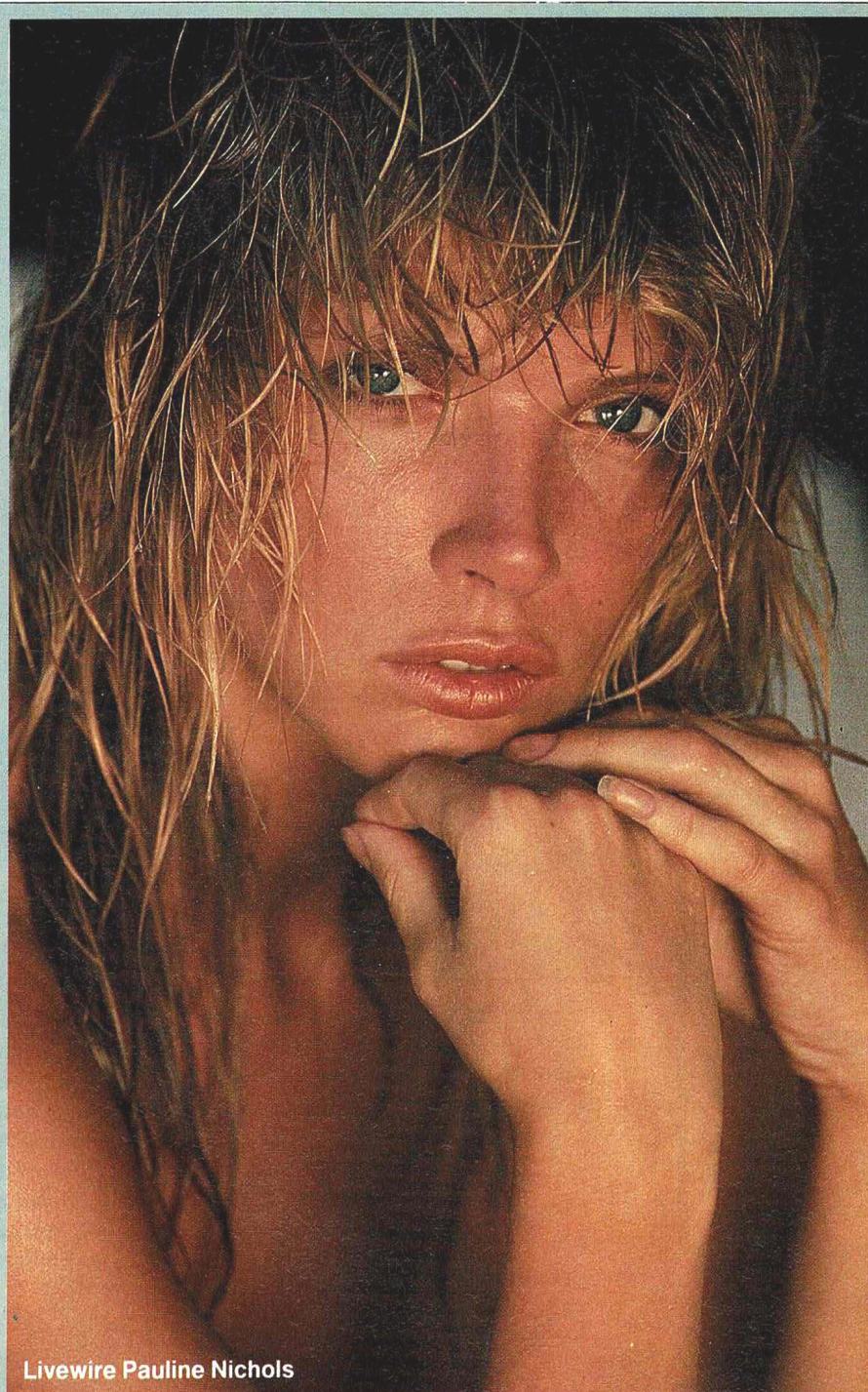
night lights

If you're whizzing around on your bike at night, you can increase your after-dark visibility with a smart new bike light from Adura. The VistaLite is composed of LED cells rather than a bulb. It flashes six times a second and is visible for 600 metres. When turned off it functions as a reflector. It's available as a fitted light or clip-on from the Apollo Bicycle Company, NSW. Phone (02) 899 3100.



win with Carrera

If you've got your sights set on driving anywhere this summer, you'd be well advised to set your sights through a pair of Carrera sports sunglasses. And with a bit of luck, you won't even have to buy 'em as Carrera are offering 12 pairs to *Penthouse* readers, each pair valued at — or more than — \$89. Carrera sports sunglasses are designed with drivers in mind, featuring thin highly positioned arms for maximum field of vision, lightweight frames, a large lens area and 100 percent protection against UV rays. You can even tailor Carrera lenses to suit your specific needs: the Ultrasight C-100 lens, for instance, offers strong contrast and clear vision even in hazy weather, and the Ultrapol lens provides maximum protection against reflected glare. To win a pair, simply write your name, address and phone number on the back of an envelope and send it to **Carrera Competition, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062**. Entries close Friday, October 18, 1991. The winners will be the first 12 entries drawn at random. Winners will be notified by mail and their names will appear in an upcoming edition of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.



Livewire Pauline Nichols

INSIDE NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Child Sex — The incidence of teenage prostitution on the streets of Australia's cities is on the increase. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, Tony Barnao and Norm Lipson visit Sydney's notorious King's Cross to investigate the dark world of the baby-faced hookers.

Solo Man — Top Australian cyclist Martin Vinnicombe's positive drug test sent shock waves through the sporting world. But cycling's Lone Ranger remains unfazed and unrepentant. In next month's *Australian Penthouse* sportswriter Roy Masters provides some startling insights into this ruthless, single-minded champion.

Get Trucked — Many forms of motor sport are in decline but truck racing is booming, with recent meetings attracting big crowds. November *Penthouse's* punchy pictorial feature on these duelling diesel monsters displays the awesome power of motor racing's biggest attractions.

Pet Of The Month — November Pet Of The Month Pauline Nichols is an outdoor girl who is always on the move. "Life's too short to waste," is her motto. Catch up with Pauline in next month's issue.

SUICIDE CITY

Continued from page 84

Even this far from Bangkok the customers included a fair number of "farangs" — foreigners. Most were aid workers who, while ogling the women, discussed the merits of various UN projects.

Would it be safe to have sex with a prostitute in an outpost such as this? Would you still be risking your life? Judging by the high turnover rate, it seemed a chancy business even here.

Meanwhile, the legendary Patpong bars are disappearing. In 1988 the mercenaries' hangout, Lucy's Tiger Den, closed its doors. Lucy's was a place where they sold *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine behind the bar and Vietnam vets huddled together plotting Rambo-style invasions of Laos to rescue non-existent MIAs. "Bar stool commandoes," everyone called them.

About the same time, Pit Stop shut up shop. This was the favored watering hole of Qantas crews. They'd phone from the airport and the "mamasan" (madam in our parlance) would erect an Aussie flag and "Welcome Qantas" sign on stage. Usually the flight crew would end the night raging around the stage with the go-go dancers.

Last year there was dismay among Patpong regulars when Napoleon closed down. Napoleon was never a girlie bar as such, although the waitresses were stunners. It was a place to have a hassle-free beer, listen to excellent jazz and eat the best hot chips in Bangkok.

That left Rick Menard's Grand Prix. Menard, perhaps more than anyone, was responsible for turning Patpong into a street full of go-go bars in the more innocent Sixties. Earlier this year, he took his plaques down from the wall and sold out. For many lovers of Bangkok and its nightlife, that symbolised the end of an era.

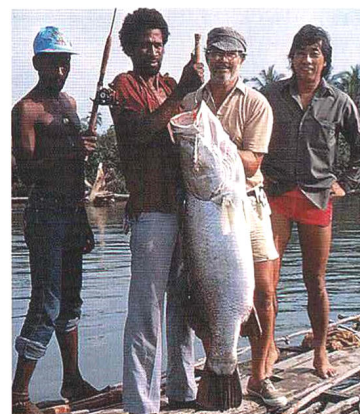
In a recent history of Patpong Road, former Vietnam War correspondent Alan Dawson predicted the demise of the strip in its present form. But his argument was purely economic. As Thailand's economy booms, Bangkok land prices have soared and mighty skyscrapers have risen where traditional rows of Thai-Chinese shophouses once stood.

Patpong's bars are, in effect, converted shophouses — the ground floors mainly go-go bars, the upstairs rooms the so-called "sexotic bars" which stage the amazing shows. Dawson foresees massive changes within 20 years. That is, if AIDS doesn't kill off Patpong in the mean time.

Ironically, however, the AIDS scare has resulted in a business boom at one bar — and the most outrageous one at that. Explaining why increasing numbers of Australians are slipping up the creaking stairway into the Kangaroo Club, one tourist from Sydney remarked: "You can't get AIDS from a blowjob ... can you?"

SPORT FISHING

Papua New Guinea



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